

BRAVE CITIZENS

VICTORS
of
PEACE

F. J. GOULD

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Victors of Peace

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Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

—LONGFELLOW.

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COUNT LEO TOLSTOI. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY
BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1910

BR A V E C I T I Z E N S

VICTORS OF PEACE

BY

F. J. GOULD

AUTHOR OF

"HEROES OF PEACE"

"THE CHILDREN'S PLUTARCH"

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

G. P. GOOCH, M.A.

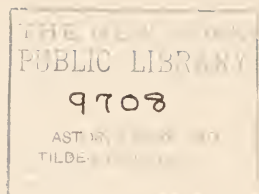
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INTRODUCTION

MR. GOULD'S "brave citizens" are "heroes of peace" and "victors of peace." His great story-telling gift has always been used in the service of peace and good-will. The victories which he pictures so vividly in this book are conquests of nature for the service of man, like the triumphs of irrigation, reclamation, and scientific horticulture, sketched in the first story of our own West. As Mr. Gould tells these stories, the reader finds that no hero tales are more thrilling than these pictures of battles with the sea, or heroism in the service of others. Beside such historic deeds the conventional glories of mutual destruction seem tawdry and unavailing.

The author of *Heroes of Peace* and *Victors of Peace*, both under the general title of *Brave Citizens*, is best known to American readers as the author of *The Children's Plutarch*, published, like *Brave Citizens*, in two volumes entitled *Tales of the Greeks* and *Tales of the Romans*, with introductions by William Dean Howells. "Wonder tales which

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Gould has so simply, so clearly, so wisely retold" is one of the happy phrases of Mr. Howells's charming and penetrating comments. These are wonder stories also, these tales of peaceful achievement in modern life which are presented in this and the companion volume.

It is a part of Mr. Gould's professional life, the telling of stories "clearly and wisely," for his official position is that of demonstrator for the Moral Education League, with headquarters in London. Born in Brighton, England, in 1855, Mr. Gould's earlier professional years were devoted to teaching in village and London Board schools. He became a worker in the Ethical Movement, and he was also a member of Leicester School Board and Town Council. Since he took up his present work, in 1910, he has made two demonstration-lesson tours in the United States, in 1911 and 1914. The quality of the interest shown both in his *Plutarch* and in his American lectures is of happy augury for the tales of the heroism of peace told in this and the companion volume.

R. H.

NEW YORK, 1915.

PREFACE

THE highest glory, the crown of endeavor, is the service of man. That is the message of this book. To make the rough way smooth, to cause the wilderness to blossom as the rose, to give rest to the weary and the heavy-laden, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction—such are the ideals which Mr. Gould's stories hold up to our children for their admiration and guidance. The heroic qualities that in less-advanced ages sought their outlet on the stricken field now find their scope in the changes and chances of our daily life—in the mine, the factory, and the life-boat, in the battle against industrial and tropical diseases, in the conquest and adaptation of nature to human needs. The Carnegie Hero Fund gives utterance to the deep conviction of our time that the humblest citizen may be a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, and that true glory must be sought and won in the service of our common humanity.

Frontiers remain, and the pulse of national life

PREFACE

beats strongly. But civilization has become international. Similar problems—political, economic, moral—clamor for solution in every country; similar evils have to be fought, similar ideals beckon. Every day civilized mankind is becoming more conscious of its essential unity. In such a world the mere thought of war is a degradation. Children—and not only children—will learn from Mr. Gould that the best soldier is he who wars most bravely against crime and cruelty, against ignorance and waste, against disease and sin.

G. P. GOOCH.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

VICTORS OF PEACE

VICTORS OF PEACE

THE CONQUERORS OF THE WEST

A CHILD who, under the father's eye, holds the garden-hose while it flings a stream of water on the lawn, moistens or "irrigates." The woman who takes the watering-pot into her cottage garden and waters dahlias or marigolds is an irrigator. The engineer who gathers water from rivers, or pumps it up from wells, or holds it back by stone barriers and dams, so as at his will to let it run in ditches and canals across farm and orchard and garden, is an irrigator. A great canal may be one hundred and twenty feet wide, and from this is drawn the fluid that trickles in tiny rills over the land where vegetables and fruit are grown.

This water is a wonder-water. It turns the dry waste into a kingdom of beauty, where trees are green and flowers bloom, and fruits ripen, and

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crops smile in the sun, and the homes of men and women and babes make villages and cities.

If you take a map of the United States, and draw a line from north to south along its middle, you have on the right the crowded spaces of the land, with such giant cities as New York and Chicago. On the left what have you? The peaks and cliffs of the immense Rockies; foaming rivers, such as the roaring Missouri, or the Colorado, which creeps through terrible dens of crags and slinks along the bed of deep, dark cañons toward the Pacific Ocean. The air is dry and pure—indeed, so dry that the soil below it is all too dry, and in many spots is a sand desert that breeds woe and death until the wonder-water comes, until the irrigator brings the wonder-water and masters the arid wastes. In the year 1900, if you had looked on the Colorado Desert, you would have seen what looked like a brown sea, rippled in dull brown waves; and the wide plain was still and silent; and on the bare soil no house stood and no creature ran, and it was as a land of the dead. In 1901 American brains and hands were at work, and engineers fetched water from the Colorado River, and the wonder-water made a fairy change; and to-day you may here see fields, crops, cattle, towns, schools, churches, and you hear the hum of the voices of men.

The state of Utah is a scene of mountains and

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sparkling streams and broad plains; and the eyes of brave men gazed upon the land, and the gazers said, "We must make this place fertile." A Utah boy was once taken by friends from his Western home to see the sights of the huge World's Fair at Chicago and hear the shouting and the jangle of the crowds at the show; and not many days afterward he was asked whether Chicago was not a fine city; and the tears sprang to his eyes, and he said:

"Yes; but I can't see no mountains."

When, in 1847, the first white settlers drew their wains out of the Rocky Mountain passes into the valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, they were glad to go down from the chill air of the hills to the sunny shores of the wide-water. Seventy-two were the wagons, horses a hundred, about fifty mules and oxen, and cows nineteen, and a few chickens; and the men and women were valiant, and were not dismayed because so much labor had to be done ere Utah was turned into a home. So hard was the ground that the point of a plowshare would scarce pierce it, and there was much dry white alkali on the surface. Then picks and spades struck the rock, and a canal was dug, and tiny streams from a creek were turned upon the thirsty land, and the wonder-water created the first farm in Utah. And long would he have to talk who should tell the whole tale

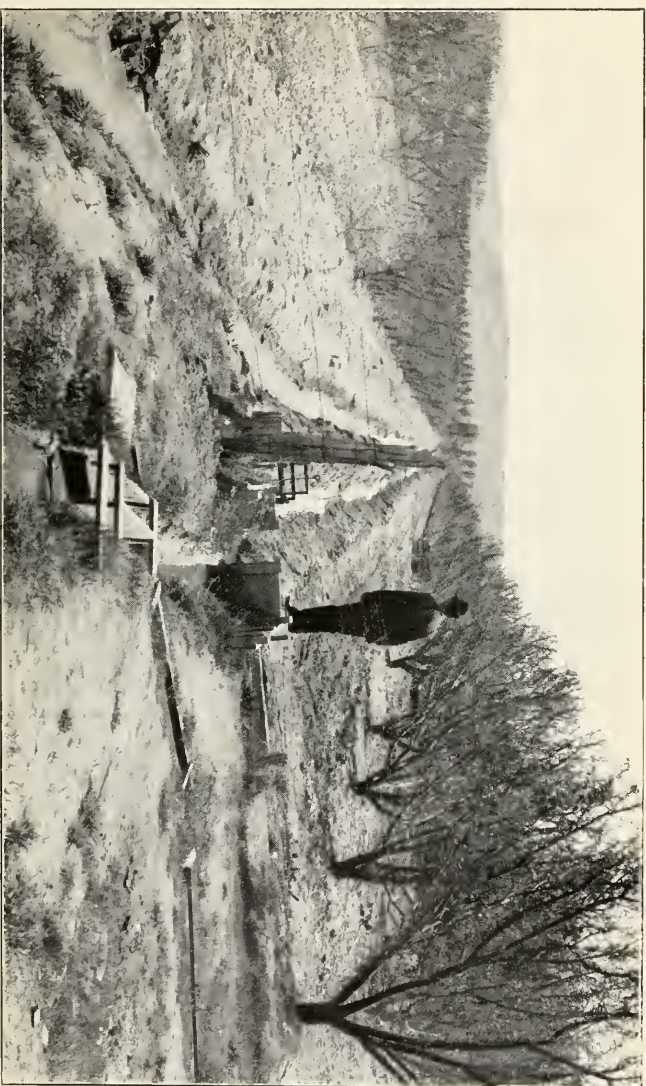
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of the products of that state to-day—grain, hay, beet-sugar, peaches, apricots, apples, prunes; and the folk fed by this corn and fruit are stalwart in the work of mining for gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, coal, or felling the trees on the mountains.

In 1849 rough gold-seekers tramped into the vast region of California; and they washed gravel for shining grains of gold, and swore, and quarreled, and fought, and danced, and drank deep; and never was a lovelier land than this, where they lived so rude a life. Armies of tall mountains look in silence upon wide valleys; and forests grow thick on the slopes, and the everlasting sea breaks into the coast in blue bays.

“For fifty years I have waited for this hour to come,” said old Semple Green, in the summer of 1905.

He had been one of the early settlers, and he had studied the soil of the great Sacramento Valley, and he knew what treasures of corn and fruit would arise out of it when the irrigation-canals were cut; and in 1905 a band of Congressmen and engineers came and saw and planned, and old Green’s heart leaped for joy; and, though he died ere the wonder-water flowed, his faith was sure. California is being watered by the rich streams that men’s art makes, and the wealth increases—the wealth of wheat, and oranges, and citrus, and lemons, and olives, and plums, and



IRRIGATION IN A COLORADO PEACH ORCHARD

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THE CONQUERORS OF THE WEST

sheep, and horses, and cattle, and of the timber on a thousand hills; and where once gold was the pride of the folk, now it is figs! At one time the orchards of California were in dire peril. The leaves, blossoms, and fruit were eaten by a tiny insect called the scale. Farmers smoked the scale and sprayed the trees, and dug up trees and burned them, but could not get rid of the foe. At last a very little scarlet beetle called lady-bird was found which had a way of eating scales—always scales, nothing but scales—and so large numbers of these scarlet soldiers were brought from Australia; and thus one species of insect made war upon another, and the fruit-trees of California were saved.

Sullen and drear were once the vales of Colorado. Noble indeed was the mountain-range, and the colors of the rocks were purple and yellow and gray; but arid was the plain except where the Colorado and its sister streams carried the splendid waves. There is a place to-day called Grand Junction, and here, once a year, crowds of people flock from miles around to eat peaches. On Peach Day all may come and feast, and there is not a cent to pay; and the peaches are big and fair and fat, and merry is the chatter of the holiday multitude. But the peach is a sign of the victory of man over the arid waste, and the victory has been won by the wonder-water of the

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irrigator. Forgive me if I pause one moment by this famous Colorado River—this magical flood that rolls over rocks in white rapids and twists in and out the lofty tunnels of the cañons—1,000 feet deep, 2,000 feet deep, 3,000 feet deep, 4,000 feet deep—with the shriek as of witches, and the gurgle and bellow as of strange monsters of the underworld. In 1871 and 1872 John Wesley Powell was the captain of a party of pioneers who first traveled down hundreds of miles—hitherto unknown—of this wild river of the awful cañons. Powell and his handful of comrades dared rapids and waterfalls, were flung from canoes into the torrent, endured hunger and tumbles and wounds, and were swung round in terrific whirlpools. This noble traveler spent years in surveying the region, and in revealing its treasures of plants and minerals, and in teaching the people how care of the water in reservoirs and canals would turn poverty into plenty and make the wilderness a garden. He had been a soldier in the Civil War, and so when he died, in 1902, he was buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington.¹ His father was Joseph, his mother Mary, both English-born. And the English and the Americans have been great conquerors of forests and wildernesses; and may they for ever till the earth and dwell thereon

[¹Major Powell was the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey from 1881 to 1894.]

THE CONQUERORS OF THE WEST

in peace and loving-kindness, and so may all other nations.

Even greater than the Colorado is the Missouri River, and its falls and rapids in the state of Montana are among the marvels of America—the Rainbow Falls, the Crooked Falls, the Black Eagle Falls. Vast as the streams are, there are yet millions of acres in Montana that possess very scant moisture; and so the land waits for the engineer and his magic wand. When he comes there will be an enormous fruitfulness of corn, apples, plums, strawberries, potatoes, and the rest. When, in old pioneer days, Captain Lewis¹ explored wild Montana he heard the Rainbow Falls thunder seven miles off; and he passed Indian camps, and he saw great prairies with herds of bisons feeding; and a bear ran after him and chased him into the river, and three buffalo bulls rushed at him, and a rattlesnake offered to bite him; and the lot of the explorer was a hard one! To-day the bison is gone, and the strawberry-gatherer picks fruit where the bear prowled, and the folk plant fruit-trees which they get from King Burbank's kingdom of plants.

Who is Burbank? A grower of fruit-trees and

[¹ Capt. Meriwether Lewis and Lieut. William Clark, who were appointed to explore the Missouri River and seek communication with the Pacific coast, started from St. Louis May 14, 1804, accomplished the most famous of American explorations, and returned to St. Louis on September 23, 1806.]

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flowers; a cunning mixer of kinds of plants, so that he has caused many, many new fruits to grow on his estate in Santa Rosa, California. He has even produced cactus-trees without spines or thorns. Good is the substance of the cactus if it will but grow without sharp thorns; and Luther Burbank has found the secret of producing spineless cacti. Thus he has taught the useless plant to become useful!

Pioneer, traveler, irrigator, fruit-grower—all are servants in the noble service of the common weal. In 1893, at Santa Ana, near Los Angeles, in California, a banquet was given to water-engineers from various parts of the earth. There were many irrigators, and the waitresses were kept busy. During the speechmaking a Mexican irrigator said the ladies who waited at the table had done their service very well. A Frenchman said afterward to the Mexican:

“Is it so that you speak about women-servants?”

“Well,” said the man from Mexico, “they are the leading ladies in Santa Ana.”

“Do you mean to say,” cried the Frenchman, “that the ladies of Santa Ana put on aprons to wait upon strangers?”

“Yes,” replied the Mexican, “for in this country service is a title to respect.”

Not only in California should service win respect. It is the noblest spirit in pioneers, travelers,

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housewives, workmen. And, of all kinds of labor, that is one of the grandest which applies itself to the watering and tilling of the earth and making it a home of beauty for mankind. He who handles trees and vegetables and flowers touches things of grace and marvel.

"Why," asked an American visitor of the owner of a great estate in Europe, "are your workmen so gentle and refined in their manner?"

"It is because," said the owner, "of the flowers and plants among which the men work; they make the men like themselves."

Let us join in rendering the earth fruitful and lovely in all its corners, and the glory of the garden will be seen in our happy faces.¹

¹ Works consulted for this sketch are: W. E. Smythe's *Conquest of Arid America*, 1905; W. S. Harwood's *Our New Earth*, 1906; F. S. Dellenbaugh's *Romance of the Colorado River*; and Julian Ralph's *Our Great West*, 1893.

THE WAR WITH THE SAND

THE gems flashed in the crown of a tall, strong king—the Great Charles—Charlemagne, the most mighty monarch in Europe in the eighth century. Against wild Germans beyond the Rhine, and against the dark-faced Moors of Spain, he waged war, and his name was feared by many millions in many lands.

This great Charles, when returning from his battles with the Moors, led his valiant troops across a strange country which spreads along the shore of the Bay of Biscay, or, as the French name the sea in this part, the Gulf of Gascony. It was the district of the Landes, a desert of sand-hills which melts here and there into pools and marshes and bogs, warmed by the summer sun, or flooded by heavy rains, or swept by the powerful breezes from the Atlantic.

There were towns on the coast which were in peril from the ever-blowing sand and the restless sea. Charlemagne bade his warriors lay down sword and spear, and take spade and axes for the building of fences that should protect the

THE WAR WITH THE SAND

Frankish people from their enemies—water and sand.

Little, however, was done. The sea and the sand remained masters of the bleak and dismal shore for ages. It seemed as if the Landes would sink into a wilderness, with but a stray cottage here and there and a few thin folk wandering over the sand-dunes like unquiet ghosts.

About the time of the French Revolution (1789) men whose minds were given to science and industry even in that day of war and tumult began to study the riddle of the sand. They asked if there was not some way of saving this corner of France from death. They were brave men, who were not afraid to try the task which had beaten Charlemagne.

And what a task! The Landes spread like a dry ocean over a space of three hundred square miles in a huge sheet of white hillocks, in which the foot of the wayfarer sank deep. Flocks of sheep find herbage here and there. The shepherds lead a lonely life, perched on stilts, by means of which they can pass the bogs, and from the height of which they can watch their scattered charges. Six or seven miles an hour can these shepherds of the plain cover. If they wish to pause, they lean back against a wooden pole, which has a cross-piece to fit the back. The sheep which the shepherd guards provides him with his rude costume—

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a coat made of rough fleece, breeches of wool, and coarse woolen socks. In the hollow of a gourd which hangs on his shoulder he carries food for a week at a time—rye-bread, sardines, onions, garlic, and a flask of poor wine. He may take his sheep home at dusk, or he may stay out with them under the stars, warmed by the fire which he has kindled on the heath; and beside this fire the faithful shepherd rests in slumber. If he goes home, it is to a mean hut of stone and turf, girt about by fields in which the scant corn struggles to live, or meadows in which lean cattle seek for a little grass. At one spot is seen the shining surface of a lake—the pool of Cazan, clear and deep, and fourteen thousand acres in extent. At times it is as still as glass; at times it is whirled into waves by the stormy blast. As the wind shifts so do the dunes. Their shape changes as fresh heaps of fine white grains fall upon the hillocks; while the roaring music of the Bay of Biscay tells how water, as well as land, is uneasy under the touch of the kings of the air.

What is this sand? The man of science places its fine particles under the glass, and tells us he finds felspar, mica, basalt, carbon, etc., and lime from powdered shells.

If, said the Frenchmen of 1789, we plant trees on the sand-hills, we shall build up a tree-fence to shield the farmers and their crops and herds

THE WAR WITH THE SAND

from the furious sand-storms, and we shall also prepare a store of useful products which busy man may obtain from the forest.

“Plant, plant; let us plant!”

This was the order of the day in 1789; and the war with the sand was begun.

In 1801 the second attack on the enemy was made. Citizen Brémontier was engineer-in-chief. Wicker hurdles and boards were placed in huge numbers along the dunes by the sea, so as to bank up the shifting sand. Then seed was sown, two sorts of seed—seeds of the broom-plant and seeds of the pine-tree. The broom-plants shot up first. They were two feet high, while the little baby pines behind them (on the side away from the Gulf of Gascony) grew but four inches high. Thus the broom protected the pine. Slowly, slowly rose the pines—noble and valiant pines, pointing their ragged branches to sky and sea and France, resolved to defy and conquer the power of the ocean and the blast. In a few years what did the sailors who sailed the Bay of Biscay see? They saw belts of pine-tree soaring above the humble and lowly broom-plants, behind which the trees once were glad to take shelter.

Never since then has the war ceased. If the brave citizen Brémontier (salute the citizen Brémontier!) could visit France again, he would see the Landes and the marshes and the pools and

VICTORS OF PEACE

the sheep and the stilted shepherds; but he would also see pine-forests, and on the east side of the forests he would see fields which produce good crops and busy factories that manufacture useful treasures from the materials of the pine-tree. Maize, wheat, and rye are grown. Even the vine will yield grapes, and all the better grapes, since on the Landes the insect phylloxera, so deadly to the vine, is not able to live. Since the days of Brémontier seven hundred and thirty thousand acres of waste land have been reclaimed for pines and vines by the government of France, and private owners have helped by winning back eight hundred and seventy-five thousand acres from the spirit of barrenness. The land was once unhealthy. People sadly sang:

*Tant que Landes sera Landes,
La pellagri te demande.*

That is, "So long as the Landes is the Landes, the pellagri will have you for its prey." The pellagri? What is that? A dreadful disease of the skin caused by poisonous air and poisonous water. But to-day this corner of France is healthy.

Salute citizen Brémontier! Raise the tricolor of France to his memory! Even the mighty Charlemagne, if he were here, would grasp the hand of the engineer.

We might show the citizen Brémontier another wonder in central France—namely, the plain of

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Sologne, eighteen hundred and fifty square miles in space. It was a clay desert, miserable to dwell in. French hands planted it with fir-trees. More people live there now than in 1830, when the new forest appeared; there are many more fields and gardens; there are fewer deaths per thousand of the folk.

From the plains and from the forests of the Landes are obtained these products: maize, rye, barley, millet, potatoes, beet-root, flax, hemp, tobacco, vines; horses (good horses, too), mules, asses, cattle, sheep, pigs, bees, poultry, fish from the pools; and much salt. The pines are tapped for the juice or resin. The brushwood that flourishes thick under the pines is used for litter in stables and for manure. Trees that are six or more years of age are felled and burned into charcoal; and the blue smoke of the charcoal piles curls over the great plantations, and can be seen from afar off. Turpentine and tar and oil must be added to the list. Yet more—add the cork-tree and the black oak; and observe how the wood of certain pines is turned into railway-sleepers, drain-pipes, hop-poles, shingles for roofs, pavement for streets, telegraph-poles, and the rest. Even now, I fear, I have not named everything; but we cannot linger in the Landes till I have made a perfect list of the wonders of French industry!

But there are dangers also. When the young pines are trying to grow up for France they are

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beset by foes—by couch-grass, by marsh bent grass, by creeping soft grass, etc., which slyly embrace the little trees and seek to choke them for ever and aye. Birds will devour the pine seeds. Squirrels pounce upon the seeds and cones and nibble the bark. Sheep will eat the sprouts of the saplings. Millions of insects and caterpillars prey upon the trees above-ground, while the active mole, with eyes no larger than a pin's head, undermines the trees at the roots with his clever burrowing. We are sorry for him, but we must invite the mole-catcher to our aid, and for a penny a head this foe of the underground enemy will carry on his war. A more terrible enemy is fire, and when once the flames catch the spreading branches vast is the havoc they make. But the engineers will not yield place even to the fire-lord. They defend the pines against his approach. They plant belts of trees that do not readily burn across the forests of pine; and they also keep wide roads or glades clear through the plantations so as to create gaps over which the proud flames will find it difficult to leap.

The work is not yet finished. All the enemies are not vanquished. In the Landes, in the Sologne, in England, and in many countries are bare spaces and wretched bogs that must be conquered by the fruitful forests. The war must go on,

To arms! Comrades, march!

WON FROM THE WATERS

FLAT, most flat, is the land. Green is the sweet pasture, where the cows chew the cud. Rich is the corn. Asparagus grows thick. The lark trills in the upper air, and the songs of thrushes and blackbirds tunefully enchant the ear. The vast blue hollow of the sky curves from the sea on the east to the low hills on the west; and when the stars shine great is the glory of their array; and when the dawn breaks, fair is its gray and soft its curly clouds; and when the sun goes to slumber in its golden cot in the west, the clouds are as towers yellow and white, and the blaze of the evening ray is purple and ruby. And this is the Fenland of the English isle—a country seventy-three miles long from north to south, and thirty-six broad from west to east; and over its border peep the eyes of ancient towns, such as Lincoln with its great church on the hill, and Peterborough with its cathedral, and Cambridge with its houses of learning and philosophy.

Rivers creep across the flat. Very gently and obediently they creep. There was once a time

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when, like wild lads, they rolled over the plains and made riot in flood, but now they go tame as the ox; and each river has two lower banks, and if by chance it splashes over them it is kept fast in its groove by the outer banks, and it can never rise up and look over at the villages and churches. And so these quiet streams—the Witham, the Steeping, the Welland, the Glen, the Nene, the Great Ouse—flow into the sandy Wash, where sails gleam in the sun and the smoke-wreaths hang behind the steamers.

Ages ago, or even before the Romans had built Rome, or the Nile folk had set up the pyramids, or the Chinese planted their first rice—too far back to count the roll of the years into the dim past—there were forests in this land. Oaks, yews, and elms grew in plenty, and waved in the winds and aspired toward the sun. Changes came; the cold and damp increased, and in the sodden soil rotted the sedge-plant, the rushes, and mossy creepers, and there was formed a layer of peat, yellow like tobacco, and clinging about the trunks of the trees. Little by little in this chill clasp of the peat the trees sickened, leaned and leaned and snapped short, and lay dead in the bog. Time passed on; the climate became warmer, drier; trees again flourished; and then again a change, and the peat killed this forest also—and so the ages went on. To-day the buried forests are

WON FROM THE WATERS

looked at by the curious eyes of science, and people wonder at the bones of strange animals that are dug up from the old soil—the cave lion, the elk, the bull, the hippopotamus, the boar, the woolly rhinoceros, the elephant, and mammoth. Man saw these animals, and fought with them with his flint weapons. Poor small man, he seemed such a weakling beside the mammoth! The mammoth has gone, and man is King of the Fenland, and he has touched the place with the finger of magic. After the forest age the rivers flooded the fens; the tides of the Wash ebbed and flowed as they would; and the Fens were a misty stretch of mud and clay and gravel and peat; and pools glittered among the reeds and bulrushes, and eels and many other kinds of fish sported in the waters; and the birds were a very great army—plovers, ducks, geese, herons, coots, cormorants, cranes, bitterns, buzzards, curlews, water-hens, and the rest. No doubt the eels were fat, the ducks tasty; and it was gay to skate across the wide frozen waste in the winter. But man—crafty, thrifty, managing, patient, masterful man—looked at the wet plain that smote the folk with rheumatism and ague and yielded little wealth but fish and bird, and he said:

“This Fenland shall be won from the waters.”

The Romans built sea-walls one hundred and fifty miles in length, and must have piled up in these

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mounds of defense at least eleven million tons of stuff. They began the drains. On the rising grounds near the Fens they caught the surplus (overmuch) water, and led it down in channels; and they made ditches which carried flood-water into the rivers—the creeping rivers that have since been tamed—and so to the North Sea.

The old English did not do as much as the Romans; neither did Danes nor Normans. The rude, fierce waters of sea or stream would break man's walls and dikes, and tear up his corn, and bury his gardens, and ruin his houses. Sometimes men in anger would turn upon their fellow-men; and it is said that more than once a householder who had failed to keep a dike in repair was built alive into the new wall, and so left to die within hearing of the beating waves.

In 1631, when Charles the First was king, and Oliver Cromwell had yet no thought of being leader of the Parliament army, fourteen gentlemen "adventurers" sat at a table. They were a board for "undertaking" the drainage of the southern Fens. By the cutting of canals or "levels" they were to win earth from water and turn the home of fish and swimming-birds into meadows and orchards. Not that the fourteen adventurers had any wisdom of their own. The ideas and the plans were the work of a Dutchman, the engineer Cornelius Vermuyden. So engineer

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and workmen planned, and plied the spade, and made sluice-gates; and so was cut the Bedford Level (old Bedford Level), and in 1637 the adventurers said proudly:

“The thing is done.”

Thus ninety-five thousand acres of land were supposed to be reclaimed from the wave. I say “supposed” because nature was not so easily beat by one Dutchman and fourteen adventurers; and the Fenland folk made many a loud complaint that floods still (though not so badly as heretofore) ran riot over their farms.

Vermuyden went on again—more levels, more dikes, more sluice-gates; and he made the new Bedford Level.

People shook their heads. Not yet was the victory gained. The smaller “levels” did not carry the water swiftly enough into the larger canals. In the year 1727 many builders were busy. Windmills were set up along the levels, so as to work pumps which lifted the water into the big levels. The swing of the arms of these mills made the Fenland as pretty as a toy-land; and artists loved to sit at their easels and paint a mill, and reeds, and the still waters, and a crane or heron, and an old boat or punt. In course of time the dear old windmills had to give place to steam.

Whittlesea Mere, a lake whereon the sleighs once skidded amid the laughter of the lads and lassies,

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was drained in 1851, and corn now bears its yellow ears on land once covered by the big pool.

John Rennie, a Scot, made a big cut. As a boy he had watched flooded burns in Scotland, and set toy ships (home-made) afloat on them, and constructed little windmills; and now, in the early years of the nineteenth century, engineer Rennie set his strong hand to the labor of draining the Fens. It was he who made Hobhole drain, eighteen miles long, forty feet wide, banked in by huge walls, and guarded at the sea-edge by gates. As the tide rises twice each day it pushes back the gates and closes them. As it falls, the drainage waters that have collected inside force open the gates, and roll out to the German Ocean. Long after Rennie died his gates opened and closed and spoke his praise.

In 1832 many farm-laborers were unemployed, and they were put to work in making a fresh level, and they did the business well, though it is a shadow on our story to tell that this canal received the name of the Paupers' Cut.

In 1862 the ocean had a day of triumph and broke the sluice at St. Germans, near Lynn. The work was repaired, and Neptune has had to bow before the will of his English lord. He must (if he can think and brood) have strange thoughts of the old time and the new, as he ripples amid the sand-banks of the Wash and rolls round the

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sparkling lamp of the lightship that floats over the Well in Lynn Deeps. Who is this man, forsooth, that has ousted him from his Fenland, where once he ran hither and thither at his free will?

Ah, who? Who but the warrior that shall yet conquer many a stream, many a flood, many a mighty cataract, many a stronghold of the giant sea? ¹

¹ This chapter is mainly based on Miller and Skertchley's *Fenland, Past and Present*, Longmans, 1878. As to Rennie's work, Smiles's *Lives of the Engineers*, Vol. II, has been consulted.

ON THE EDGE OF THE SEA

THE god of the winds (so said the Greeks of old) sent forth the noisy blasts from his cave; and he cared not what trees were torn up, what houses laid flat, or what ships were wrecked by their rage. And the god of the ocean rode in his chariot drawn by sea-horses; and when he would he flooded the land, and when he would he made peace and smiled at the unruffled sea.

Man, whose spirit quails not before wind or wave, dared to cross the sea and meet the storm, and he made the very winds waft his vessels whither he desired; and, since his strength did not avail to quell the wind and smooth the sea, he made harbors wherein his ships might take refuge in the hour of tempest.

Praise we, then, the wit and the courage that built the harbors of the world, and offered protection to the sailor from the shrieking typhoon, the roaring monsoon, the sweep of the hurricane, and the thunder of the gale. Outside the harbor what giant waves arise—twenty-seven feet high at times in the British seas, forty-three feet high

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in the middle of the Atlantic, sixty feet high off the cape which once was named the Cape of Storms and now laughs under the name of the Cape of Good Hope. And of what terrible length! Off the rocks of the Scilly Isles the mighty waves of the ocean that parts the Old World from the New leap in vast leaps of eighteen hundred feet. What marks these warrior waves leave upon the work of man's hands! At the Longships Lighthouse, off Land's End, panes of glass three-quarter inch thick, and fixed eighty-six feet above high water, have been smashed by the eager breakers. At Bishop's Rock, off the same isles, a fog-bell that hung one hundred feet high was torn by the thundering sea from its supports. Stones that weighed nine tons have been hurled into the air. At Wick Bay a breakwater had been made to stem the power of the vikings of wind and wave. But in December, 1872, these forces laid siege to the wall, and, with a storm-yell of triumph, succeeded in throwing into the water a huge mass of masonry that weighed thirteen hundred and fifty tons.

But it is not enough to be bold builders of harbors. Cunning is needed as well. Man has not merely to guard against the attack of wind and wave-storm. He must watch the flow of the tides that follow the moon, and the great currents or sea-streams that speed across the wide waste

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and run like devouring water-beasts along the coasts and among the isles and bays. The very shore is not firm. Sands shift, and the place that is dry land may be overflowed by ocean, and strong cliffs may fall at the assault of the restless sea. Careful, indeed, must the builders be if they would make safe places for ships in presence of all these foes.

We may fancy old Ocean foamed with rage when he saw the breakwaters rise up above his surface and bar his storms out of the harbors of refuge. He was admitted to the inner side of the breakwaters, but only on promise of good behavior, and there he must needs ripple almost as meekly as a wayside pool in the country. Rubble—rough blocks of stone—was flung to the seabottom; and more was flung, and more, and so a mountain was piled up, broad at the base and thin at the top, where it thrusts its head above the flowing waves. The pile might be left just as it was. Or, as at Plymouth, its top might be covered with smooth-cut stones. Or, as at Kingstown, the whole surface of it, under and over water, might be so covered. Or smooth-cut blocks might make up the whole breakwater. And in some places, as at Dover, the breakwater, from the bed of the sea, might be built as straight as the wall of a house or the rampart of a fort.

Proud are the harbor gates. Perhaps the ships

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sail in between two walls or jetties that run alongside (parallel) in the manner of the walls of a passage. Such a harbor is that at brave old Calais, the city that has so famous a name in the wars of England and France. Or the jetties run as if to meet each other, and leave an opening for the vessels. Such a harbor is that at Dublin.

Opposite the Irish coast is Holyhead, the port which holds its own against all the power of the Irish Channel. Ships passed in crowds from Wales to Ireland, from Scotland to the south; and at the blackening of the sky and at the low drum of the thunder they fled for safety to Holyhead. All too small was the harbor, and so a new work was planned, and it was resolved to build two huge breakwaters with stone dug out of the ancient mountain of Holy Isle itself. From 1847 to 1873 the labor went on, and seven million tons of rocks were tipped into the tumbling sea; and if ever you travel by way of Holyhead forget not to give your silent thanks to the honest toilers whose hands built this castle of defense against the violence of the storm.

Which should you think the harder foe to fight, rock or sand? Certainly, rock is the harder material; but sand, like the fox, is hard to catch and conquer. No people were more masterful than the Romans; but the sand beat them—at least, at one spot on the coast of Italy. This was

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at the entrance of their River Tiber, on the banks of which the Eternal City stands. The Romans built two jetties into the sea at Ostia, and turned the ends of the jetties inward like hooked nails. But the sea mocked their work, and the river mocked also, and filled up the harbor with sand and mud; and to-day Ostia, once a place where ships dropped anchor, is a dry place two miles from the coast.

While we are at sea, praising the labor of harbor-makers, let us bestow a salute on the builders of lighthouses. To the English the most famous is the Eddystone, built by Smeaton (three cheers for Smeaton!) in three years, 1756-1759. But a new one rose many years afterward (1878-1881), and its light flashed across the Channel in 1882—a ray of warning and hope to the storm-beaten, and a star of triumph, and a token of the power of man's mind.

The noble harbor that looks out upon the angry ocean and fears not his wrath has a quiet and modest cousin. His cousin is the dock, the basin of water adjoining harbor or river, where ships can load and unload. The docks full of ships from all the seas of the earth; the army of dockers that run to and fro, from quay to ship, from ship to quay, filling or emptying the boats large and small—it is a grand picture of man's industry. The docker—all honor to the sturdy man—may

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be little thought of by those who bow down to royal persons and peers and millionaires; but this Atlas, bending under a load of goods, bears the riches of the earth on his back, and ill would it fare in the village and city if he and his like ceased their daily and nightly labor. He has a kinsman in the navy who hollowed out the dock basin and reared its massive walls, and endured hardship and oft looked at death without fear. In spite of all the able art of engineers a dock may fail in the midst of the building; a wall may crack, may slip forward, may fall—and many homes may mourn the loss of the breadwinners who are crushed beneath the ruins.

Shall I speak of naval docks, the building-places for ships of war? Shall I ask you to harken to the hammering of the builders? Is not that knocking the knocking of the hand of Death? Death knocks at the door of the people's home, saying:

“To arms, my children! The ships are made and the shot are stored; and I call upon sons and fathers and brothers to sail the sea and carry me with them, that so I may rob the sons of other lands of the life which I hate.”

Will the people let him in?

There are fine docks at Antwerp, in Belgium. Now, this port had been closed from 1648 to 1795 for a very strange reason, which you may read

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in the history books. In 1795 the French army entered Antwerp. Keen was Napoleon's eye—very keen for war and the chances of war, and the glory of war, and the death of men.

"A splendid center, this," he said, "for a naval arsenal."

So he planned a house of death, and it was to be a treasury of bullets, rifles, bombs, gunpowder; and the Antwerp naval dock was to be a messenger of ruin, for it would send out ships of battle, carrying fire and tears.

Also he bade the people build docks of life—docks of trade.

In 1814 Napoleon fell. Fell—that is, he lost his pride and pomp and power.

In 1815 the docks were put under the rule of the city of Antwerp; so, in 1819, were the landing and unloading places (the quays); and the men of the city finished the half-made quays. No war-ships were built. In 1869, so thriving was the trade, the Antwerp docks were enlarged; in 1873, enlarged again; in 1881, enlarged again—for life, not for death; for trade, not for war.

If you walk along the sides of a dock you will see posts to which ropes are tied so as to make ships fast. The posts may be of wood or of stone or of iron.

Now, I read in a book that for this purpose old cannon have been used in government dock-

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yards, the iron tube being fixed end downward in the earth, and so serving as a post to moor the ships of peace. And so may it be with all the cannon in the world!¹

¹The particulars quoted in this chapter are drawn from Mr. Vernon Harcourt's *Harbors and Docks*, published in two volumes (Clarendon Press, 1885).

SKERRYVORE

THUNDER of the sea at Skerryvore.

Smooth as glass, dark, worn by the waves that rise and fall, rise and fall, rise and fall for ever, the rocks of Skerryvore stand firm in the Atlantic off the coast of Tyree Island, on the west of Scotland. Even when the sea may seem calm, a swell of water will suddenly rise in a "lump," as the sailor-folk say, and tell of the restless spirit of the ocean. As a rule, the rocks of Skerryvore are girt with a white ring of foam, and in a gale the sea flings itself in madness upon the glossy stones, and then leaps in a snowy jet in a high flight upward. In the midst of this troubled water has been built a lighthouse one hundred and thirty-eight feet in height. The builder was Alan Stevenson, and he put the last bit of work into the tower in August, 1842. The skill of eye and brain was in Alan's father before him, and the elder Stevenson was engineer to the Board of Northern Lighthouses, and had set up no less than twenty-five of these towers, one of them being that of the Bell Rock. In 1814 a group of

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visitors had come to see the rocks of Skerryvore and take counsel as to building a lighthouse, and among them was Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter saw seals bobbing up and down in the sea, and he and his friends were soaked by the surf that never stops splashing on the rocks. In 1817 a brig was wrecked here, the crew were all lost, and many casks of butter were tossed by the tide upon the beach of Tyree. In 1818 a sloop was broken up and the crew all drowned. And so on, year after year.

The Board made up their minds to raise the tower. The sharp eye and measuring-line of a surveyor mapped out the one hundred and forty rocks, great and small, and five hundred times a lead was dipped in the water to take soundings or depths. On the Isle of Tyree were quarries, and from these pits of gneiss (a granite-like rock) many tons of stone were dug; and houses were built for the men who took part in the raising of the tower and for the four keepers who were afterward to keep watch and ward. The plan was to build a cone-tower, lessening in cross-width as it rose, and throwing a light eighteen miles across the sea. The Bell Rock house was one hundred feet high, Smeaton's house at Eddystone sixty-eight, and Alan's was to be one hundred and thirty-eight.

The space to work on was small, and the wind

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would blow as it willed, and break the course of the work; so a wooden turret was fixed up as a shelter for men and tools, thirty feet high, and large enough to hold thirty people. It was made ready in September, 1839. Masons earned 3*s.* 10*d.* a day for a long day, and 3*s.* for a short winter day; quarrymen, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

On June 26, 1838, Alan Stevenson and a few men had tried to land; but the water jumped up and down and would not let them so much as touch the rock. Two days later they landed, and with paint and chalk marked out the place for the barrack or shelter just spoken of. Through the summer the work went on, usually starting at four o'clock each morning, and proceeding, on and off, for sixteen hours a day. In times of rest the men smoked and talked of politics, or watched the thousands of sea-birds that flew hither and thither. The barrack was done in September, 1838, and the men sailed to Tyree, after giving three cheers which mingled bravely with the thunder of the sea at Skerryvore.

A mist hung over the rocks a few weeks later. When it lifted the barrack was no more seen by the watchers at Tyree. It had been swept away in a tempest.

During the winter Alan Stevenson and his carpenters prepared the wood for another shelter. He also visited the Isle of Mull to arrange for the

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getting of strong red granite, and the hammers of some thirty men were tapping and banging day after day.

In September, 1839, the new barrack was finished. With sickles men cut the thick sea-weed off the glossy rock. Holes were bored; an electric wire fired the gunpowder in the holes; a huge bubbling of water followed, smoke floated up in heavy clouds, and the rock was blasted in such a way as to leave a flat landing-stage at which a vessel could unload. Sometimes the weather was so bad that no one could pass from the rock to the Isle of Tyree for fourteen days, and the whole ocean was one mass of wild, white waves, and the wind howled in fury day and night; and when, one night, a huge breaker broke upon the barrack, it shook so much that all the sleepers awoke and trembled lest the next moment would see the building cast into the raging Atlantic.

All was well.

On June 20th the blocks of stone for the tower began to be landed. Some one hundred and fifty folk were kept busy in a sort of new town on Tyree, preparing whatever was needed by the builders, sixty to eighty-four of the men being employed for dressing the stone.

Alan Stevenson now and then stood on the top of the rising wall, or on the barrack, and measured the waves, and he wondered at their

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changing colors—blue-green in the thick part, and then paler, and blushing in a rose-red where they scattered in spray. The seals played about, and now and then a half-eaten cod would be thrown on the rocks by one of these passing swimmers.

Work on Skerryvore was stopped in the winter months, though it continued on Tyree and Mull; and when, in the spring of 1842, Alan Stevenson landed at Skerryvore he found seaweed growing densely on the lower part of his half-built tower; but all was safe and sound. The storms were frequent; and when the engineer was sitting in his room in the upper stage of the barrack, fifty-five feet above the sea, a rattling spray would make a hail upon the window.

Last of all, the lantern was to crown the tower, and in it were set immense lenses which reflected the rays of giant flames. The light revolved, flashing once a minute from its height of one hundred and fifty feet. Its first flash sent its message of cheer across the waters on February 1, 1844.

During six seasons spent by the workers on the craggy islet of Skerryvore there was no loss of life or limb. Alan Stevenson's house was a tower of safe guidance to the ships at sea, and it was a happy thing that no shadow of violent death should have fallen upon the builders of the tall signal of Skerryvore. And thus may it be

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some day with all the work of men's hands, that none may be unto death, but all for life.

Four light-keepers were chosen to guard the house. Picture to yourself the place they lived in. Near the door at the base of the tower are the big water-tanks for drinking, cooking, etc. The next story is set aside for coals; then a workshop; then a provision store; then a kitchen. Above the kitchen are the bedrooms; then the oil-store for the lamps; and last, the light-room. The way up is by means of a winding staircase. Tens of thousands of sea-birds flap their wings about the tower, and in rough weather the spray of the Atlantic may dash seventy feet high.

All over the world such towers stand beside the waters of the five oceans, holding up the light that guides. Every one of these towers protects and saves. Untold multitudes of mothers and wives and lovers have breathed a blessing on these houses of light which deliver sons, husbands, and sweethearts from death in the deeps of the sea.

Shine, star of life!

Shine, brave souls of men, as you face with courage the tempest and the darkness.

Shine, noble light of salvation, while the ocean rolls in thunder round the tower of Skerryvore.¹

¹The details are drawn from Alan Stevenson's *Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse*, published in 1848.

UNDERGROUND

EVEN as wild steeds that rush to war, so the waves of the sea dash up the inlet between Wales on the one side and England on the other; and a tide fifty feet high floods the sands of Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire, and roars up the sweet vale of the Wye. On the Welsh side two old earth-walls tell of a camp once built by the masterful Romans. So dry are the flats at low tide that you can walk out a long way on the bed of the river Severn; and it is said that a fox once ran across the sands to the Denny and there was killed by the hounds who had followed it; and yet, when the tide rises, this Denny is an isle two miles from the coast. There is no bridge across the Severn here, the nearest bridge for foot-passengers and carts being a one-arch span at Gloucester, built by the cunning of the great engineer Telford; and twenty-six miles from Gloucester is a fine railway bridge, crossing the Severn where the stream is thirty-seven hundred feet wide.

In 1872 Parliament agreed that the Great

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Western Railway Company might bore a tunnel under the river at a place opposite the Roman camp, the water being two and a quarter miles wide; and the digging began. Seven years passed, and in this time a shaft had been sunk, and a short passage, or "heading," cut. On October 18, 1879, a big spring of fresh water broke through the soil into the passage; the men below had just time to escape; and in twenty-four hours the heading was filled with water, and the work of seven years was spoiled.

Alas! poor company. What should they do now? Well, they called in a man with a clear eye and keen mind, and this man—Thomas Andrew Walker—took the business in hand till it was finished in triumph. Walker had helped to make the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada; he had measured land in the Nile country under the African sun; he had cut the tunnels for the Metropolitan and District Railways under the streets of London. This was not the man to be beaten by the river Severn, even though it rises in a proud Welsh mountain and is fed by the rains of old England's sky. For a year the pumps were kept at work, and new shafts were sunk, and at last the water was got out of the heading, and a stout door was set across the passage to hold back the spring, and the passage was dry.

Cottages were built on the riverside for the

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workmen and their wives and children, and a school was opened for the little ones; and a large brick-yard was laid out, and huge piles of blue bricks were baked for the lining of the tunnel that was to be. Was to be! Walker had faith in his power, and the men had faith in Walker; and they knew the tunnel would some day be burrowed, straight as the flight of a shot, under the rolling Severn.

To work, brothers! Water must be pumped out, air must be pumped in for the diggers to breathe; earth and rock must be blasted by tonite, etc. Little packets of tonite were called "pills" by the underground delvers; and the pills exploded, and so broke down the barriers of stone and shale. During 1881 the heading was completed all the way under the river, but must now be further widened and bricked in before it could be used as a tunnel for trains. A double line of rails was laid, and trucks were drawn by pit-ponies. Now and then Sir John Hawkshaw, master-planner of the tunnel, would ride along the dark road in a truck, while two men pushed his rude carriage and lit the path with flashing lamps. In April, 1882, the electric light—a new thing in the world then—flung its silver ray through the heading, and was liked by the men because it left the air much cooler than oil-lamps. The greatest number of men at work at any time

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was thirty-six hundred and twenty-eight. They wore either flannels or waterproof suits; and at the top of each shaft, or pit, rooms were prepared where clothes could be changed and dried.

The armies of navvies, like armies of soldiers, are brave; but at times they are struck with those sudden alarms which the ancient Greeks called "panic."

One Saturday in December, 1882, a workman ran to Mr. Walker, the contractor:

"The river's in! The tunnel's in!"

"Where are the men?" asked Walker.

"Coming up the shaft."

Three or four hundred men were gathered at the top of the main shaft and were watching for the cage, or lift, to bring up more. All were pale, and all breathed heavily.

The cage arrived, carrying Tommy Lester and twelve men.

"Lester, what's the matter?"

"The river's in, sir."

"Where were you working?"

"In No. 8."

Walker was puzzled. He asked another:

"Where were you working?"

"In the long heading."

"What did you see?"

"Nothin'; but the river's in."

Walker did not believe there was any peril.

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He and two navvies jumped into the cage and found the heading dry; and on the floor of the tunnel lay heaps of things thrown away by the workers—hats, handkerchiefs, leggings, waistcoats. It was found that some water had, indeed, run rather freely through the passage, and one man had shouted:

“Escape for your lives, boys. The river’s in!”

We cannot blame the men for running, since they were not able to prove the truth of the alarm. They worked in dark corners, often only by the light of a candle here and there, and the drip, drip of water from the roof and the echo of the blasting of the rocks made ghostly sounds in the bowels of the earth. It was no wonder that a cry of warning should startle every one into flight. Once, indeed—in October, 1883—water did burst in, and swept men along in a stream three and a half feet deep, and they had to hold one another tight as they scrambled out to a place of safety.

A few days afterward the tide rose very high, roared over the sands and mud-flats, flowed into some of the cottages on the shore, put out the fires of the engine-pumps, and then, in a noisy waterfall, tumbled one hundred feet down the Marsh Pit into the tunnel, and eighty-three men were shut in underground in the darkness of the night.

To the rescue! A boat was lowered down the

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shaft and launched upon the water in the tunnel, and was hastily rowed forward by the blaze of torches; and by morning all the eighty-three prisoners were brought up to the light of the sun, and they saw with joy the faces of wives and children.

Two soldiers in this war with earth, water, and darkness shall be named—Lambert and Talbot.

You remember how the big spring broke in at an early stage of the work and flooded the heading.

Lambert (who was a diver by trade) went on a lonely travel into the tunnel to close a door which Mr. Walker thought might stop the inflow. The heading was clear enough to allow of the man's passage, but it was still a place of danger. Lambert went a long distance and was obliged to return. A second attempt was made; he shut the door and came back, having spent an hour and twenty minutes alone in the narrow road, where at any moment death might have met him.

After the water was pumped clear from the flood caused by the big spring, Joe Talbot led Mr. Walker along the damp passage under the river. As they turned homeward the lights went out, and the two men were shut in, a mile away from the shaft, from daylight, and from humanity; and the drip, drip of the water from the roof echoed like hollow groans and angry hisses.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," said Joe Talbot; "I can go along all right in the dark."

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And they groped their way for a mile, with stumbling feet but stout hearts.

You remember, too, the rush of the panic on a winter day in 1882. Joe Talbot it was who was first to go up the heading after the panic. Let the springs burst as they would; let old Severn flood inward if he cared; and let death appear—but Talbot would not flinch; and this brave Kentishman (he was born near Dover) plunged into the gloom and explored the darksome path. There are bits of Joe's work in the Thames Embankment in front of Somerset House. He has put the mark of his hands in the tunnel of the District Railway at South Kensington, and he did much heavy and noble labor in the tunnel on the Deal and Dover line.

The tunnel under the Severn is seventy-six hundred and sixty-four yards long. Goods-trains ran through on September 1, 1886. The first passenger-train passed from Bristol to Cardiff, through the Severn subway, on December 1, 1886. The wit of man had conquered in the battle with the forces of giant Nature.

Thomas Andrew Walker added other splendid pages to his Book of Industry. He made the Barry Dock and the Preston Dock. In South America he began building a vast harbor at Buenos Ayres; and in England his busy brain was scheming the work of the Manchester Ship Canal.



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UNDERGROUND

The canal bears ships to-day on its wonderful water-road; but Thomas Walker never saw the ending of his plan, for he died on November 25, 1889.

We honor his name as the name of a mighty English captain of industry.

Honor also to the Welshmen and Englishmen who did the spade work.

Salutes also for Lambert and Talbot.

“I can go along all right in the dark,” said Talbot.

Valiant soldier! He did his duty to no sound of clarion, and no banner waved its gold and scarlet.¹

¹ I have consulted T. A. Walker's *The Severn Tunnel: Its Construction and Difficulties*, published in 1888; third edition, 1891.

THE WATER OF SIX MILLIONS

“YOU, Baker, shall be captain of the garrison!”
“And Walker shall be second!”

“And Murray shall command the horse!”

This was the will of the people of Londonderry. The enemy, Irish like themselves, were in a circle about the city, with many guns, except where the river Foyle ran toward the sea. Gates were shut, walls were guarded night and day. This siege lasted one hundred and five days—in April, May, June, July, 1689.

Women helped men. When the garrison made a sally women carried ammunition, bread, and water to the men and beat off the grenadiers with a volley of stones. On June 13th some ships sailed close to the city, bringing food to the hungry garrison; but the firing from the foe on each side the river was hot, and a boom—a barrier of wood—being hastily fixed across the stream, the ships retreated to a point six miles off. Despair seized the citizens; Baker died; and gloom settled on the wretched town. Yet would not the people yield. Even cakes made of starch and tallow seemed

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good food to some poor souls. On July 30th three ships came up. The foremost broke the boom amid a rattle of musketry from the enemy. The ships reached the quay and unloaded the treasure of meal and other provisions, and the town was filled with joy. The next morning the besiegers were found to have marched away. About seven thousand of the besieged had perished of hunger, disease, or by the shots of the enemy.

This was the famous siege of Derry; and this is how war seeks to injure towns, homes, and people.

I will tell you now how a little army of men—an army of peace and blessing—seek to help and serve London town every day

My friend, the Workman, lifted up an iron lid and bade me look down a hole in the ground; and I peeped, and saw huge iron pipes painted black—one of them forty-six inches in diameter. There was a steady thump, thump, thump in the engine-house behind us. Now these engines were like the genies of the Arabian Nights tales—huge giants that obeyed the will of the master who rubbed the ring or muttered the spell. But the ring-rubbers and the spell-mutterers here were the engineers; and these iron genies were pumps, and they pumped clear water into the black pipes, and the pipes carried the stream to more than six million open mouths.

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These six million mouths were the mouths of the people of London and the region round about—five hundred and fourteen square miles in all; and the hole down which I peeped was at Hampton, on the Thames. Not far distant is that noble mansion, among gardens, known as Hampton Court; and the windows of that mansion look toward the winding river on one side, and on another toward the broad greensward and the fine chestnut-trees of Bushey Park.

Six million mouths need drink; six million bodies need washing; six million folk need water for floor-cleaning, street-watering, gardens; six million citizens who cannot wait; six million citizens who, man, woman, or child, want good liquor. Here, then, is crystal water for the six millions who between them would drain a tank as big as Trafalgar Square at its base and top and as high as the Nelson column; six millions whom an enemy in war would seek to hurt by thirst and starvation, but whom a peaceful army of some four thousand men supply with water year in, year out. These four thousand servants of the commonwealth of London are ruled by sixty-six gentlemen, who are also servants of the commonwealth; and the sixty-six are called the Metropolitan Water Board. The Board get water from the Thames, from the river Lee, and from deep wells sunk into the chalk. Thus we have sixty-

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six leaders, four thousand workers, six million drinkers.

Drinkers, salute the leaders, salute the workers!

"She's full now," said the Workman.

So saying, he pointed to a pool.

This oblong pool of water had been drawn from the river. It was five feet deep. It rested on a three-feet-and-a-half layer of yellow sand; this, again, on a five-feet layer of gravel. When the Workman said "she," he spoke of the pool as a man would speak of the companion of his heart. For a man and his daily work become companions, and seem to live the same life, beginning and ending the day together.

On the water lay clots of weed here and there, and from each lump of green growth long, hairy rootlets drooped; and, if untouched, these fibers would grow down to the bottom of the pool. Here, then, is unclean water, and the six millions want it clean. When a valve is opened at one end of the pool the water begins to flow through its filter-bed of sand and gravel into the engine-house. It comes from the Thames unfit; it runs out of the filter-bed fit for the pump and for London's millions. At Hampton there are more than twenty filter-beds.

I saw one bed dry. All the water had been drained off. The sand, smooth and yellow, lay open to the September sun. On its soft surface

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walked men. Some had long rakes, which they drew along the ground so as to take up about a quarter-inch of the top—the scum; and the scum is shoveled into wheelbarrows, and men wheel the scum away. In summer these men use rake and spade; in winter, out in the frosty air, they must ply their tools just the same—for London must drink.

A quiet, solemn man was shoveling mud from barrows into a large tank. This mud was the scum—the unclean mess that settles at the bottom of the bed. Rotted leaves, dead plants, fish-spawn, etc., go to make up this sticky substance which the sand and gravel will not allow to pass through their layers.

I went to the edge of the Thames and leaned over. The river was sending a stream of its watery treasure through an open iron grate or screen, and so into the filter-beds; and this passing of the water is called the intake.

A short walk from the filter-beds are great lakes of water drawn from old Father Thames. This is thrift-water—water saved in case of need. When the river is fairly full water is passed into these reservoirs; and when the river is low, and it is not well to take much of its store, then a supply is run from the reservoirs into the filter-beds; and there is enough in the lakes at Hampton to last London three weeks. There are reservoirs

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also at Walton, at Staines, and near Lee Bridge, in Essex.

Thus the water-engineer is a Prometheus. You know Prometheus means the looker-forward, because the god Prometheus, who gave fire to mankind, did not attend merely to the wants of the day; he thought of the morrow: he wisely looked ahead. The engineer saves the precious water while he can.

All hail, wondrous water—floating in the clouds, rushing in the streams, heaving in the sea, lying asleep in the lakes, hardening into slippery ice, softly falling in the snow, pattering in the rain, hammering in the hail, glittering in the glacier, boiling in the geyser, steaming in the volcano, hiding in the rocks and wells and caves. You come in floods and break the banks of rivers and sweep away the homes of men. These are your moments of rage. But, like a high-spirited steed, you let man tame you and bridle you and ride. You bear his countless vessels on your surface. You permit man to train you into his cunning filter-beds and giant pumps and miles and miles of pipes.

All hail to the wisdom of the engineer, who learns the secret of wells and streams, and fetches the precious liquid from the bowels of the earth, and, like the father of the city, gives his children to drink!

You, too, four thousand clerks, foremen, workmen all—givers of water, we salute you!

BIXBY'S DUEL WITH THE RIVER

THE great river Mississippi—the giant flood that winds for thousands of miles through the North American plains—was low. Steamers had to be guided with care. They might run against a snag (a fallen and floating tree) at any spot, or strike on a ridge of sand under water and so suffer leak or other damage.

A number of people were on board who were anxious to get down the river as fast as possible. They were pilots of vessels which waited for them. They often passed up and down the river between Cairo and St. Louis in order to notice the state of the water and see what hindrances might lie in the way. Then they would take charge of this or that steamer and steer their vessel with confidence.

But it looked as if they would lose time. The steamer ran aground, and it was some while before she could be got off again. The sun was sinking. Glum were the faces of the fellows who now supposed they would lose at least half a day. For when night fell it would be too risky to keep

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the ship going amid the snags and sand-banks and the wrecks that lay in the stream. And, besides, there was one perilous place where a sand-bar crossed the channel, and which no pilot would be likely to venture to pass in the dark. The place was known as Hat Island.

Toward the close of the day pilot Bixby stepped to the wheel. The man whom he relieved had run the boat ashore.

Half-an-hour passed. The steamer was gliding swiftly down-stream. Yes, but the sun was near the setting. Men looked at their watches.

"It can't be done," murmured voices. "To be sure, Hat Island is in sight. But we cannot get beyond it this night."

Bixby stood still at the wheel, the big vessel obeying his will.

The men began to wonder. Was not the steamer stopping yet? Did Bixby mean to go farther? And in the darkness, too?

Stars had started their glittering watch. The night air blew cool. Men crowded close about the pilot; and still Bixby kept at his post, steady-eyed and with firm-set lips; and the big paddles thumped in the Mississippi.

The pilot sounded a bell, a signal to the leadsmen, who tried the depth of the river with a line loaded at the end with lead. If the water was four fathoms deep, all was well; if three, well;

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if twain (two), well; but after that he must be wary. If the great steamer struck the sand-bar, not only might it suffer much hurt, but its cargo might be damaged, lives might be lost.

The trees on Hat Island rose black and shadowy over the trembling river. Men scarcely dared to breathe for fear of what might happen. Bixby was a trusty pilot; he had many a time guided ships up and down the giant river; but . . .

The voice of the leadsman broke the silence as he called out the depth of the water:

“Mark three!”

A pause.

“Mark twain!”¹

“A quarter less!”

Now the river was so shallow that at any moment the vessel might feel the shock of collision with the bottom.

Bixby signaled to the engineer to slow down.

The voice of the leadsman still rang through the dark.

It was a fight between Bixby and the river. Would the river and its hidden shoals and snags gain the mastery over the daring pilot?

Men who knew the Mississippi and its perils gathered close about the man at the wheel. They scarcely breathed. They seemed to see the Spirit

[¹ This was the origin of the famous pen-name adopted by Samuel L. Clemens.]

BIXBY'S DUEL WITH THE RIVER

of the Stream rise up, clad in weeds and foam, and angrily threaten the clear-eyed Bixby.

"Yes," said one who understood; "the boat has crossed the first reef."

At other points where danger lurked below water there were murmurs of pride in the man's wit and courage.

Presently a huge black object rose in front. It was the island and its trees. The vessel might swerve a few inches wrong in this narrow channel. A shock would perhaps break the boat and its pilot's masterful heart.

"Seven feet!"

Seven feet; less than seven feet; what a narrow margin of water for this big ship!

Something made a thud underneath. The vessel had, though but lightly, come in touch with the bed of the stream. It was the moment for the Spirit of the Mississippi to laugh in triumph.

But all the soul of Bixby was up in defiance. The clang of bells, set in motion by his hand, startled the night; and his command seemed to cut the air like a word from the King of Thunder.

"On! on! let her go!"

A grinding sound below—a sound that made men all but choke lest—lest— But no! The boat is over; she leaps like a horse over a fence; she is in deep and safe water; the Spirit of the Mississippi is beaten; the pilot has won in the duel

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with the water! And the folk in the villages on the banks of the broad river stare in wonder as they catch the tremendous noise—a chorus of many throats piercing the darkness—of the cheering crew and passengers.

Bixby took it all coolly enough.¹

¹ Adapted from Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*—a vivid picture of a great industrial waterway.

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HEROES

IN the early part of the nineteenth century a man often gazed from the windows of Fort Anne, across the waters of the Bay of Douglas, Isle of Man. The gaze was very anxious in time of storm, for the man—Sir William Hillary—feared for the lives of sailors and passengers at sea.

It was this Sir William Hillary who in 1824 put it into the heads of English folk to found the society now known as the Royal National Life-boat Institution. The lives saved by the R. N. L. I. life-boats from the year 1824 to the year 1910 were forty-nine thousand three hundred and ninety-four.

Sir William's own hands pulled oars in the work of salvation. Once he helped in the rescue of sixty-two people from a wrecked steamer in the Bay of Douglas. In November, 1830, a Liverpool vessel anchored within the bay, and in the early morning, while it was yet dark, the cable of her anchor broke, and the ship—*St. George* was its name—moved in deadly drift toward St. Mary's Rock. A sign of distress was seen from the shore. The Douglas life-boat, with Sir William Hillary

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among the crew, was launched; and soon it was tossing up and down amid the rocks, close to the side of the mail-steamer. So dreadful was the tossing that Hillary and three comrades were swept into the sea, and were pulled out with sore trouble; and Sir William was hauled up on the deck of the *St. George*, and six of his ribs were broken. The life-boat's rudder was wrenched off, and torn sails and broken spars leaned over the boat from the wreck. With knives the life-boat men hacked away this mass of wood and cloth; and, with forty people on board, the Douglas life-boat struggled to the land, slapped and battered by the November waves, but able, in spite of all, to save every soul from the wreck of the *St. George*.

Honor to the Douglas life-boat; and honor to Sir William Hillary; and honor to the English motherland that breeds such courage!

The date of the wreck of the *St. George* was, as I said, 1830; and the steamer hailed, as I said, from Liverpool.

Now, in Liverpool, in that same time there lived in Denison Street—a very humble street—a woman, a very humble woman; and she was a widow. And as she is worthy to be remembered with heroes of the life-boat and all other heroes in the book of England's story, I will speak of the twenty little girls.

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Twenty girls walked, two and two, to the cotton-mill. It was a mill which stood by a Lancashire river, and the power of the water turned the wheels of the mill machines.

The girls were about ten years old—much too young, indeed, to be at work in a mill; but the time I tell of was at the end of the eighteenth century, when men made themselves rich in England by the labor of poor folk and children in the cotton-mills. And it was not a hard heart that beat in the breast of Mr. Greg, the owner of this mill; and Mrs. Greg would often come to the house where the twenty girls lodged, in order to teach them.

One of the girls was an orphan named Catherine Seaward. Of course, her comrades called her Kitty. Her face peeped out from a big blue bonnet; and though it was not a handsome face, such as many artists would like to paint, it had in it the lovely gleam of kindness.

Kitty Seaward later on went to house service. She married a sailor and was happy; and then came sorrow, for he was drowned at sea, and she was left a widow, to care for her two little boys. One of them was weakly and ill, and the mother would go to a nail-factory to earn a poor wage in toil that raised blisters on her hands; and with these maimed hands she did the work of the house and tended the sick lad. He lived till near

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the age of twenty, and then lay dying; and night after night Catherine Seaward kept her arms about her son to hold him up, for great pains came upon him if he lay down.

He died; but the love in her soul did not die. She loved the son that had gone, and she loved the son that still lived, and she loved any that was sad and passed her way. For seven years she gave shelter and food under her own roof to a woman that was blind. Then she moved to Liverpool with her second son and made a home in Denison Street; and for a while her son worked and earned, and then he died.

Now, the folk in Liverpool were rich and poor; and the poor dwelt in vile dens that stank and had foul, close air and bred many an illness; and Kitty's kind eyes looked into these awful Liverpool cellars, and her heart was warm with the desire to help.

She turned a clothes-mangle, and earned money for her own needs and for the needs of others. These others were so many.

She nursed a man—a widower—that was smit with a deadly disease; and when he was dead she took his three children as her own, and they called her "mother."

Hard as she toiled, she still had lips to sing; and as she sang—a Lancashire song that she had learned in days long past—and made music in the

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little street one day, a man stood still to listen, and he looked and saw, and knew her again. It was Thomas Wilkinson, now a middle-aged man; and she was now a woman of middle age; and they had known each other as girl and boy.

The honest pair married, and lived still in Denison Street, where the twenty shillings earned by the husband—scant wage as it truly was—seemed a rich sum to Catherine; and it was a fount of blessing to others besides the husband and wife.

Dark days fell upon the seaside city in 1832, and people went up and down the streets with gloomy faces, for death came into many a house and bodies were hastily buried. The plague of cholera had visited Liverpool, and its rich houses and its wretched cellars. It was a matter of life and death that folk should cleanse bedclothes and linen and cotton garments, so as to wash away the germs of plague. Mrs. Wilkinson's kitchen and back yard were turned into a wash-place for the neighbors, and by the help of well-to-do folk, who heard of Catherine's good deeds, the cellar below was also used for this purpose; and so was started the first public wash-house in Liverpool. A school also was opened by this wonderful woman. In her bedroom she gathered daily a score of children, whose friends were ill and could not give them care; and another woman joined

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in the plan, and taught the Bedroom School to say and sing hymns. After a time the little ones were taken to a new school—a new infants' school which might never have been thought of if Kitty had not shown the way.

Her husband gave her all the aid he could after his day's work at the cotton store was done. A long day it was, too, for his duty began at six each morning. Forty-five children, from time to time, found a home with the Wilkinsons; and the noble pair would give nurture to each till he or she could go out to mill or ship or service to earn a living.

The report of these things came to the ears of people in high places, and at a meeting held in 1846 the Mayoress of Liverpool gave Catherine a silver tea-service which had been bought by the money of wealthy ladies. Bright gleamed the silver; but brighter was the spirit of this daughter of the people, and none that joined in the gift to her was a nobler woman than Catherine, of Denison Street.

The city learned a lesson from her. The city council built a wash-house and baths; and as overlookers of this place of cleansing Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson were chosen, and for rather more than a year they did their duty as public servants; and then Thomas died. Forty-five poor children had known his loving-kindness; and you and I

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will do as they did, and respect the memory of this fine son of England.

We salute also the memory of his wife! She died in November, 1860, at the age of seventy-four. She was a daughter of Ireland, for her birthplace was the town of Londonderry; and precious indeed must be the Irish blood that runs in the veins of such children of the Green Isle. Many a brave tale can be told of the kings of Ireland in the years of old, and magic was the Irish harp, and skilful were the Irish Druids, and fair, very fair, the princesses of the castles of yore, and the valor of the Irish chieftains shone in the field of war; but none of these things throws a grander beam of glory upon the land than the courage and love of Catherine Seaward.¹

¹ I have drawn upon a very interesting booklet, *The Life of Kitty Wilkinson, a Lancashire Heroine*, by Winifred R. Rathbone.

THE EMIGRANTS' FRIEND

A BROAD, open face, with fine large eyes; a firm nose; a brave, kind mouth; a good round chin; hair brushed straight back—this woman, stoutish and healthy in figure, looks at one from a picture in a small book of the date 1852.

To the farm where Caroline Jones was born—at Wootton, in the green Northamptonshire plain—her father one day led an old lame soldier. Mr. William Jones gathered the children about himself and the old soldier.

“Children,” said he, “this valiant soul has faced death, and suffered many hardships, and received hurts that will never be healed. For the sake of England, let us be kind to him.”

The soldier, happy among his new friends, chatted to the young folk, and told them in a trembling but spirited voice of the wonders he had seen abroad—the fair scenes, the wide seas, and the far-off lands in America and Australia, where settlers from Europe found new homes and a fruitful soil that well rewarded the toil of the farmer.

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One of the girls—Caroline—was not then seven years old, but her head was all alive with dreams of seas and islands and colonies. She filled a wash-hand basin with water—this was the ocean; and on it she launched toy boats, which carried dolls for people—and these were the “emigrants” faring forth to the other side of the world; and when the boats came back to the homeland their cargoes were grains of wheat.

Alas! all this little world came to rack and ruin; for Caroline upset the basin on the bed and was put, as a punishment, into a dark cellar, where a rushlight stuck on a tin kettle gave out a miserable ray into the darkness!

Nevertheless, this small woman lived to become a great woman in the history of loving-kindness, and was known as the Emigrants' Friend.

At about the age of twenty Caroline married a Scot—Captain Archibald Chisholm, who was an officer in the service of the East India Company. Two years later they went to Madras, a city on the surf-beaten shore of eastern India.

English girls could be seen loitering in the crowded streets. They were the daughters—and some were the orphan daughters—of British soldiers. Mrs. Chisholm's eye noticed them as soon as she took her first walks about the streets of Madras, and her heart beat as a mother's heart toward them all. She and her husband talked

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earnestly together. They must build a school for these uncared-for girls; and soon the school was built. Its name was the School of Industry, and here the girls were collected for quiet and happy learning. Not only did the scholars learn arithmetic and writing and needlework; they were taught to carry on the housekeeping of the place; and while some acted as keepers of the stores, others went to the stores to buy firing and food; and their own girlish hands did the cooking and cleaning and nursing. There was a code of rules for the government of the school. For instance:

Offense.—Any girl who refuses to assist in making a pudding.

Punishment.—Not to partake of the same.

Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm and their children sailed to Australia in 1838, and settled at a port with one of the most glorious harbors of the world—Sydney. Scarcely had they landed when Caroline's quick glance saw a party of Highland folk who looked wretched and forlorn on the strange coast, and who, no doubt, wished they were back among the glens and lakes of Scotland. To these people Mrs. Chisholm lent money to buy tools and wheelbarrows with which to carry on a firewood trade. While the Highlanders were busy trundling their laden barrows round the streets of Sydney, Caroline had found another task of mercy.

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Girls without proper homes were living unhappy lives; and when Caroline met them or heard of them she drew them gently to her own door and soon had nine of them sheltered under her roof of love.

She was a daughter of the Catholic Church. Before the altar one Easter Sunday she kneeled in faith, hope, and charity, and she thought of the young women who came to the harbor of Sydney without friends and without guardians; and she saw, with the eyes of inner vision, a home arise for these wanderers, and she, Caroline, would make sure that it was built. Catholics or Protestants, whoso was in need or trouble, should there find a welcome. She kneeled before the altar and said: "I promise to know neither country nor creed, but to try to serve all justly and impartially."

Crossing the ferry one day, she talked with a poor Scottish girl whose eyes flashed with a dreadful meaning. So dull and dismal was life that she was about to fling herself into the water and die. But the hand of Caroline Chisholm held her back, and she was lodged in a house where she could be at rest and learn once more to live a useful woman's life.

Caroline, not long after this crossing of the ferry, sat in the room of the Governor of New South Wales—Sir George Gibbs. With him the

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farmer's daughter and soldier's wife pleaded like an angel of pity. A home must be raised up for the young emigrant women, so that as soon as they landed a happy greeting should await. Such a home she had beheld as she bent before the altar.

A low wooden hall belonging to the government was given to Mrs. Chisholm by Sir George Gibbs.

At once Caroline took possession of this castle of hope. All day she was cleaning one of the rooms, and at night lay down for rest. Hey, presto! there was a sound of scampering feet. She got a light. Rats, rats, flying across the floor all roads! She lit a second candle. Three rats dropped from the ceiling upon her shoulders, and rushed off. What was to be done? Who was to win—the Northamptonshire woman or the rats? Caroline cut some slices of bread-and-butter, laid them in the middle of the room, beside a bowl of water, and thus furnished provisions for the enemy. They understood; they ate and drank with great relish till the day broke at four o'clock, and Mrs. Chisholm closed the story-book which she had read to while away the sleepless hours. At one time thirteen rats had leaned their heads over the pleasant supper which she had spread on the floor.

Caroline Chisholm lived some time at this new home, one of her own children, a small boy, keeping her company. It was not long before

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ninety-four young emigrant women were cheerfully housed in this palace of wood. When work was found for any of them up country, Mrs. Chisholm did not send them out as strangers in a strange land; she went with them and saw them safely lodged in their Australian homes as servants in farmers' families. How empty-handed many of them came from old England! One day as many as sixty-four girls landed, and all the money they had came to fourteen shillings and three-halfpence—twenty-two had no money, several had twopence, others fourpence. But now they had a mother and protection. On some occasions she traveled as much as three hundred miles inland in order to see parties of girls placed out in useful service. People saw her patience, her common sense, her nobleness; they supplied her home with money, and the government also gave to her funds.

On one of the journeys inland her party of emigrants halted on the side of a swamp. It was a puzzle how to get the women and children over the muddy water. Mrs. Chisholm had ridden thirty miles already, searching for homes and employment for the folk she had brought with her. She forgot that she was tired, and she slung two children at a time on her horse and sent him splashing through the mire. The children were taken off on the other side of the ford; the horse

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returned, and the work was repeated, Caroline's voice urging the faithful creature on his backward and forward way.

One of her plans was that of Bush partnerships. She persuaded neighbors in the country districts (the Bush) to join together. One settler's wife was good at milking a cow; another had no hand for such labor, but could teach; so the milker milked her neighbor's cows, while the wife of the cow-owner taught the milker's children.

When the time drew near for a journey to England, Mrs. Chisholm traveled into the Bush in a covered van, stopping at lonely cottages and farm-houses, and, with pen and paper in hand, taking down the life-stories of the emigrants. Thus she collected the facts of about six hundred families; and her plan was to tell the government of England how hard a life many an emigrant had on the passage and at the landing and while in search of work, and, above all, how needful it was that people should go out to Australia, not singly, but in families—father, mother, and children all starting the new home together.

In London her thoughts were still with the wanderers who sailed round the world in quest of work and food and household comfort. Many a ship-load of families left the London docks, the passengers listening to a last address from Mrs. Chisholm, pressing her hand, or perhaps raising

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three cheers for her children. People who hoped to go out to Australia called at her house in Islington, and met one another, and talked of the great voyage which they were about to undertake. Before the Lords of Parliament Caroline appeared to tell her tale (to "give evidence," as the word goes) of the sorrows and needs of the emigrants. Sometimes she would call at the house of Sir George Grey, the Minister for the Colonies, and point out to him how the government could help the wandering folk. For instance, men who had been sent to Australia for evil-doing (had been "transported," as was then said) were separated from their children; and Caroline persuaded the English government to despatch the children at the public expense to the other side of the world, so that fathers and families might be made one again. She watched ships, and spoke her mind if the emigrant passengers were not provided with proper food, proper water for washing, proper sleeping-berths, proper ventilation. Great meetings were held in London to discuss these matters. The flags of all nations would be hung round the crowded hall in token that the aim of the meeting was the good of all men; and the kindly face of Lord Shaftesbury would be seen on the platform, and Mrs. Chisholm smiled at his side.

In 1854 she returned to Sydney, and for twelve years longer continued to act as a mother to the

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streams of poor families who landed on the Australian shore. She went back to old England in 1866. The government gave her a pension of one hundred pounds a year, and she passed her last years in rest and peace. She died at Fulham in March, 1877, and at Northampton she was buried, the prayers of the Catholic Church sounding a solemn farewell at her grave.¹

¹ The particulars are drawn from Eneas Mackenzie's biography of Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, dated 1852; and the Dictionary of National Biography.

THE WOMAN WHO LED

IN the summer of 1911, when I was traveling in the United States, the train took me past the town of Auburn, N. Y. A humble building in Auburn formed the shelter of a few aged negro folk, among them being the founder of the home, Harriet Tubman. I have seen the Statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York Harbor; I have seen the roaring streets of great Chicago; I have seen the noble University of Wisconsin, which overlooks the lake Mendota; and gladly would I have added to these pictures the memory of the negress of Auburn. But a little book and some papers placed in my hands by my friend Miss Anne F. Miller, of Geneva, N. Y., enable me to tell the following story of the woman who led many black slaves from misery to freedom.

On the coast of Maryland, in or about 1821, Harriet was born. One of her grandparents had been brought in a slave-ship from Africa, and Harriet Ross was pure negro. Sweet was the light of the American day; bitter was the lot of the slave.

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When Harriet was about thirteen years old, a slave left his labor without leave from his master, a farmer—and farmer Barrett made oath that the offender should be flogged. The man was found, saw the danger, and fled; and Barrett pursued. Harriet stood in the way, hoping to hinder the farmer's steps. Barrett flung a two-pound weight. It caught the girl's head, and she fell senseless. Her head was hurt in such wise that for many years afterward she would often lapse into a dead faint.

Summer and winter the negro maid toiled. She drove ox-carts, she plowed fields. Her father (a slave also) was a forest overseer and had to send loads of timber to the docks of Baltimore. Father and daughter worked together, and Harriet—child of Africa and child of Humanity—cut wood and drew heavy logs and labored like a patient mule. When (about 1844) she married a free negro named Tubman, she still remained a slave. If she had had children—but she had none—they also would have been driven as mules or kine in the hard service of a master. Tubman was not a good husband, and he left her. She did not lay aside her love and duty because of this wrong; but her love was for her people, and her duty was to aid the children of sorrow.

A woman walked and ran alone one night. It was Harriet Tubman escaping from slavery. As

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she passed the cottages of some of her fellow-slaves of Maryland she sang a hymn:

When dat ar ole chariot comes,
I'm gwine to lebe you;
I'm boun' for de promised land;
Fren's, I'm gwine to lebe you.

It was such a hymn as the dying might sing: "I am going to leave you." But it was a song of life, and the free day had come. Her brothers had set out with her; but they thought of blood-hounds, of the master's wrath, and of the lash that cut human flesh, and they went back; and Harriet trod the path alone, the shadow of trees around, and the stars gleaming aloft. The sun rose.

"I looked at my hands," said Harriet, long afterward, to a friend, "to see if I was the same person now I was free. There was such a glory over everything; the sun came like gold through the trees and over the fields, and I felt like I was in heaven."

Such gold was not for herself alone. Though in Philadelphia or New York she could earn money as a servant, a cook, or a hotel waitress, not for herself alone she gained the money. It would give her power to save. She could lead slaves from the Southern states to the Northern states, which had no law of slavery. In December,

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1850, she went to Baltimore to meet her sister and two children, who had fled from the house of bondage; and she led them to the North. Not many weeks later she was in the South again, and she invited her brother to go northward; and he and two other men followed her, and they also attained liberty. But an evil law (are not some laws evil?), called the Fugitive Slaves Act, ordered that runaway slaves, even in the Northern states, must be sent back to their owners. So the only sure place of safety was Canada, beyond the border of the United States—Canada, across the river St. Lawrence; Canada, under the British flag.

“Forty thousand dollars,” said the Maryland slaveholders, “we will pay as reward to him who shall capture Harriet Tubman, the woman who entices slaves from their lawful masters.”

Harriet was not caught. Her path was the path of the “Underground Railroad,” the hidden way of the reedy swamp, the gloomy wood, the narrow passage, where the eye of the slave-owner did not reach. Speech must be in whispers on this railroad; and babies—poor little souls—must suck paregoric to make them sleep a heavy sleep, lest they cry or laugh and teach the pursuers to find the hidden thing! A river barred the flight once, and the negroes whom Harriet led drew back, for there was neither boat nor bridge; and Harriet

THE WOMAN WHO LED

plunged into the cold stream; and when the men saw her stand on the other bank they took courage and waded through.

Officers of the law guarded Wilmington Bridge, over the river Delaware, when Harriet and a party of escaped negroes approached the town. Harriet bade her companions go to this and that house, where friendly people dwelt, and then she sent word to the noble Thomas Garrett, an old Quaker and shoe-manufacturer. He also had a part in the Underground Railroad, and he had helped many hundreds of slaves toward liberty, giving them food and shoes on their way. Thomas Garrett asked a number of bricklayers whom he could trust to ride in a wagon as if going to work; and as they rode they sang and shouted, and so crossed the bridge. After a while they returned into Wilmington, again singing and shouting, and the guards let them through; and all the time the black fugitives lay crouched on the floor of the wagon.

It is said that Harriet Tubman traveled the road of peril nineteen times, and led some three hundred men, women, and children to the North and to freedom. In 1857 Harriet drove the oddest carriage that ever was. It was made of two wheels joined by an axle-beam, on which was nailed a board for seat, and another board swung below to rest the feet on. An old horse wearing a

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straw collar drew this vehicle, and on the board sat Harriet, the driver, and her two aged parents. She jolted them down to the railway, got them into a train, and led them to Canada, where they lived in peace for years.

John Brown, of Kansas, was her friend. In the winter of 1858-59 she met him in the city of Boston; and he was then planning the attack on Harper's Ferry, in the hope that the negroes would everywhere rise up and break their bonds.¹ Deep was her grief when Captain Brown was put to death.

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on!

She visited at the houses of people who admired her labors for her people, and among her friends were Emerson and the Alcott family (have you read Miss Alcott's *Little Women?*), and other writers of books. Harriet herself could neither read nor write.

The "cannon thundered in the South," for now (1861-1865) there was war, and the battle of Bull Run had been fought, and many scenes of blood and fire were yet to come; and the negro folk waited and wondered, for the victory of the

[¹ The modern historical view of John Brown is more judicial than that held immediately after his execution. See, for example, Chadwick's *Causes of the Civil War*.]

THE WOMAN WHO LED

North would mean an end of slavery. Harriet lived in the camps of South Carolina as a nurse, dressing wounds, cooking, and yet earning her own living all the time. As a spy she passed in and out of the enemy's lines. When a band of slaves ran from the plantations to the riverside and saw several Northern gunboats prepared to take them off they paused in doubt and fear. Should they trust Lincoln's gunboats? They stood—women holding babies, men carrying pots and furniture, or keeping guard over pigs. Colonel Montgomery saw the trouble in their faces, and he called to "Moses"—that is, Harriet:

"Moses, you'll have to give 'em a song."

Then Harriet sang aloud—the African singing to Africans, the sister singing to the brethren of the black skin:

Come along, come along, and don't be fool!
Uncle Sam's rich enough to sen' us all to school.
Come along, come along, don't be alarm'!
Uncle Sam's rich enough to give us all a farm.

The song gave courage and hope and faith, and the people clambered on board with shouts of joy.

John Brown was hanged; Lincoln was murdered; but the war ended with the gift of freedom to the negro. Some day the schools will teach all Africans, and on farm or in workshop they will

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do happy service for the humanity of which we are all children.

Harriet Tubman led the people from the prison-house of slavery, and her hands aided the steps of the child and the aged. And when the sons and daughters of Africa are redeemed from the dark, and take their place in the brotherhood of the nations, the name of Harriet will be remembered through the glad years of the age of gold.¹

¹ The book referred to is Sarah H. Bradford's *Harriet, the Moses of Her People*, new edition published by Little & Co., New York, in 1901. Miss A. F. Miller kindly furnished me with additional notes.

ON THE WAY

“Universal Peace is on the way.”—A sentence from Bertha von Suttner’s *Memoirs*.

SEVENTY towers point to the sky over the city of Prague, in Bohemia, and the river Moldau runs through the large and fair town, and there are islands in the stream, and hills rise on each side. In 1848 a little girl five years old peeped from a window into the great square, where many thousands of people swayed to and fro, and the shouting was wild and angry. It was a time of revolution. But the child had then no idea of revolution, or of war, except the idea of noise and of rushing. She cared far more for the style of her dress; and sore grieved was Bertha one day when the weather was dull, and her mother and guardian said she could not go out in her white cashmere dress with red braids. Loudly screamed Bertha; and smartly rained the blows upon her, when her guardian (a soldier) laid her on a large table, and mother whipped Bertha for her naughtiness! To Bertha this event was as bad as a revolution.

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Bertha's fancy pictured how great she was to be. As a dreaming young lady she set eyes on Prince Heraclius of Georgia, whom she met at Homburg, and she verily thought she would make him a good wife; but he married another! She heard Adelina Patti sing, and resolved that she—Bertha—would appear as a famous singer on stage and platform; and she took lessons in music, and sang and sang but never became famous as a singer. At the end of the war with France, 1870-71, Bertha saw, from a balcony in Berlin, the return of the German army after its victories; and the sun shone, and flags fluttered, and arches of triumph were gay, and the cries of the multitude were joyous; but for France it was a time of tears and of gloom, though the French people were brave and never lost heart.

Bertha had given up the thought of marrying a prince or singing as beautifully as Madame Patti. Her widowed mother was not poor, but she was not wealthy. Bertha made up her mind to earn her own living. She taught four girls in a family in Vienna. Their brother, Artur Gundaccar Suttner, was a "sunshine man." When he entered a room (so Bertha thought) it immediately grew twice as light and warm as it was before. Artur and Bertha loved. She went away to Paris; she came back; they were married, and in the book of her life (*Memoirs*) she always calls

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him My Own. For nine years they lived in the hilly land of Caucasus, a Russian province near the Black Sea. Baron Suttner (Artur was a baron) took part in business — designing wall-paper, building, etc. — and the Baroness gave lessons in music. Both husband and wife wrote tales. At length they returned to the west, and visited friends, and traveled among cities and in 1887 passed through Paris, and there heard tidings of something new.

“In London,” a friend told them, “there is a society to lead men’s thoughts into the way of peace among nations. It is called the International Arbitration and Peace Association. Hodgson Pratt is the founder.”

Peace!

Why should there be war, hate, wounds, blood, and the corpses of the battle-field and hospital?

Bertha von Suttner’s heart throbbed warm; her thoughts crowded in dream and fancy; her pen ran over sheet after sheet. Her tale was written. It was called *Die Waffen Nieder!* or, in English, *Lay Down Your Arms!* In 1890 people were reading it in Germany, and to-day it is found in the libraries of the world. Open it in the middle, and you read of the church in which wounded soldiers were laid in the war between Prussia and Austria in 1864; and the thirsty soldiers looked up at the images of the Holy Ones:

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And this was the temple of the God of Love! These were the wonder-working saints who were there folding their hands so piously in the niches and on the walls, and lifting up their heads with the golden glories round them! "Oh, Mother of God, holy Mother of God, one drop of water; have mercy on me!" I heard a poor soldier pray.

One by one, Bertha von Suttner came to know a great band of workers for peace like herself, and she took part in forming and helping societies of peace. By the waters of Venice she met an artist and his wife, Mr. Felix and Mrs. Grete Moscheles, and she joined their names together in the name Grelix, and they were peacemakers. Another friend of brotherhood among nations was Passy, the Frenchman; and there was the Frenchman D'Estournelles de Constant; another was Cremer, the English working-man; another was A. H. Fried, the Austrian; another was Ducommun, the Swiss; another was General Türr, an old soldier who had fought for the freedom of Hungary and for the freedom of Italy, and his mustache (the Baroness tells us with a laugh) was a quarter of a yard long; and another was Moneta, the Italian; and another was Egidy, the Prussian, and he had once been a Hussar, but now he said we must "live love."

Messages of friendship came to Bertha von Suttner from the noble Russian Tolstoi, and from Hæckel, the German. How glad she was when

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folk clasped hands in the Austrian Peace Society! And she went to Rome, where a peace congress was held, and stood up to speak in public for the first time in her life, and her message was: "We have opened a peace society in Austria—two thousand of us." Members of different parliaments also began to meet in interparliamentary congresses. In 1892 Trueblood, the American, was at the congress at the city of Berne, in Switzerland; this was the Trueblood who never missed any peace congress in Europe. At Berne a lovely word was spoken, and the word was this: "A confederation of European states"—a bond of brotherhood among all the lands of Europe. Yes; first the thought, then the word, and some day the deed; and the flag of the confederation will wave its gay laugh to the very heaven.

In 1896 died a man—a friend of Bertha von Suttner's—who now lives in a useful act. His name was Alfred Nobel, and he left money as a fund, from which should be given each year five gifts: (1) for good work done in the science of physics; (2) for good work done in the science of chemistry; (3) for good work done in physiology or medicine; (4) for good work done in book-writing; (5) to that man or woman who shall do the best work in helping human brotherhood, and the lessening of armies, and the spread of peace congresses.

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The first Nobel Peace Prize was divided, in 1901, between Passy, the Frenchman, and the Swiss Henri Dunant, founder of the Red Cross societies.¹

In 1898 news flew round the globe that the Czar of Russia had spoken on the side of peace. He said: "The armies of our days are a crushing burden which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing."

One day Bertha von Suttner met W. T. Stead, a famous man of newspapers and meetings, and Stead had just come from Russia, and from a conversation with the Emperor Nicholas II.

"Does the Emperor really wish for peace?" she asked.

"The Emperor," said Stead, "has put his hand to the plow, and he will draw the furrow."

The furrow began at the city of Hague, in Holland, in the year 1899, and spokesmen from all the great governments of the earth were present at the House in the Wood; and only one woman was there, and this was Bertha von Suttner. A Palace of Peace² has been built at The Hague, and here is the Court of Arbitration, where the judges

[¹ Two Americans have received the Nobel Peace Prize: Theodore Roosevelt in 1907, and Elihu Root, the prize for 1912. The Nobel Prize for achievement in physics was awarded to Professor Albert A. Michelson in 1898, and in 1913 the prize in medicine was awarded to Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institution, New York, who, however, is of French nationality.]

[² By Andrew Carnegie.]

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decide the disputes which nations bring before them for settlement.

On a summer morning in that great year the Baron von Suttner kissed his wife and said:

“I thank thee.”

“What for?”

“For being born.”

It was her birthday, June 9th.

Three summers after that there was joy among the friends of peace, for the sad war in South Africa—the sad war of the British against the Boers—was closed. On an August evening, in Bohemia, Bertha and her husband sat on the balcony of a castle, and they gazed upon the hills and woods, and were startled by letters of fire, but were soon happy to spell the word *pax*—that is, *peace*—made in bright fireworks by the folk of the country-side. Next came a train of people bearing torches, and they halted in front of the balcony, and a school-teacher spoke an address of greeting to the lady who had written *Lay Down Your Arms!*

Winter came, and death came; for in December, 1902, Baron von Suttner died, and Bertha was a widow.

In his will he had written to her: “Thanks; thou hast made me happy.”

It is right to shed tears for our dead; but in the midst of tears we may look upon the world and see if love goes forward.

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And it does. Sweden and Norway had not been contented partners. In old times they would have fought out their differences. In this new time they parted quietly into two peoples, two Home-rule governments, and there was no war. At the second Hague Peace Conference as many as forty-six countries sent spokesmen, or delegates. In 1904 the United States welcomed the Peace Congress. The meetings were held in Boston. At one of these gatherings there stood up a Chinese woman. She had learned the art of healing, and her name was Dr. Kim; and she wore the Chinese dress; and the faces of Europeans and Americans were turned toward her in friendship as she spoke for China and begged the folk of the West to leave her nation free from attack and tyranny.

It was pleasure to the ears, in 1907, to hear the voice of Campbell-Bannerman, in London, declare for peace. He was Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. Next year Bertha von Suttner met King Edward VII. of England and his Queen, and the King said he desired peace among the peoples of the world.

“Universal peace is on the way.”¹

NOTE.—See *Memoirs of Bertha von Suttner: The Records of an Eventful Life*. Translated 1910. Published by Ginn & Co., in two volumes.

[A prophecy which can stand, even in the presence of the most terrible world-war of history.]

THE LITTLE GREEN STICK

“IT is a very great secret, and I have written it on a little green stick and buried the stick near the edge of yonder deep valley.”

“What does it say on the green stick, Nicholas?”

“Sh! that is the secret. But when men know it they will not quarrel any more or be angry, and they will be happy.”

This was what Nicholas Tolstoi said to his little brother Leo.

Leo was born in 1828 at Bright Glade (Yasnaya Polyana) in the plain of Russia—a place where a river ran, and four lakes glistened, and birch-trees grew, and the Tolstoi family lived in a large house and the farm-laborers in huts.

While Leo and his brothers were returning homeward one day from a walk they saw near the barn the fat steward Andrew, followed by a serf named Squinting Kouzma, and the serf had a most dismal face. Andrew said Kouzma was being taken to the barn to be flogged for a fault. Young Leo felt wretched, though no blow fell upon him. He told his Aunt Tatiana of the scene.

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“Why,” she cried—“why did you not stop him?”

She hated to see one human being strike another. Leo was, indeed, too young to stop the steward; but the idea was lodged in his little mind that cruelty was not only to be looked at and hated, it was to be stopped.

Leo Tolstoi became a soldier in the Russian army, and he fought in the Crimean War.

“Mortar!” called a sentinel on the walls of the fortress of Sevastopol—meaning that a bomb-shell was flying hither, shot from an English or French mortar.

A man groaned. Stretchers were brought to carry away the wounded sailor whose breast was cut open by the shell. The sailor was borne to the hospital covered with blood and dirt. Tolstoi and the Russians aimed shot and shell at the enemy, and rejoiced when Englishmen and Frenchmen were wounded like the Russian sailor.

Rejoiced. But the tenderness in the child’s heart which had sorrowed at the pain suffered by the serf Kouzma was not dead; it lived still. When the war was ended, Tolstoi traveled in many lands—Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, and for a few weeks visited London. He wrote tales, and thousands of people read them eagerly. He came home to the Bright Glade and carried on a school. A strange school, indeed, where

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the children sat where they liked, on benches, tables, window-sills, floor, or in the arm-chair, and sometimes romped and rolled over and fought! But they loved their lessons, and would beg the teacher to go on long past the hour for ending a subject; so that Tolstoi says:

“During lessons I have never seen them whispering, pinching, giggling, laughing behind their hands, or complaining of one another to the teacher.”

You see, what Tolstoi wished to do was to carry on a school where there should be a love of learning, and no birch, cane, boxing of ears, or punishments. We need not wonder that not many people try to conduct such schools. Perhaps they need the secret of the little green stick.

Tolstoi was married in 1862 to Miss Sophia Behrs. But when children were born to them, and what with the family and the estate, there was plenty to fill up Tolstoi's mind; his thoughts wandered to a great world of things and thoughts beyond Yasnaya Polyana—the great God, and the Gospel, and Love, and the sorrows of the common people, and the wrong of killing animals for food, and the wickedness of war, and of mistaken plans of ruling men by police and prisons. And lest his mind should be led away by thoughts of rank and wealth, he would dress in a rough sheepskin

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coat and sheepskin cap and greased high boots, like a peasant; and he would chop wood, draw water, plow fields, make boots, clean boots, so that he might know the hard labor of the poor and the chill and heat of the weather as they, unsheltered, have to feel it. When a friend who had once been a boy in the strange school visited Yasnaya Polyana, about 1885, he heard this story from an old aunt, eighty years old:

"I have nothing, not a stick of my own. But the Count be thanked, and God give him health! He stands up for us forlorn ones; he has brought in my hay, and carted the manure, and plowed the fallow, and done the sowing. God give him health and strength! And see now! He is rebuilding our homestead. He brought the timber himself. The old hut was ready to fall in on us altogether."

And there was Leo Tolstoi, shirt-sleeves turned up, hair tousled, chisel stuck in belt, hand-saw hung at his waist, wielding an ax, and cutting a beam of wood, so as to fit the rafters crosswise for the roof.

Was this, then, the secret of the little green stick—this spirit of love and service toward one's neighbor?

Not that Tolstoi's way was certain to be the best or wisest. A man to whom the Count had given a pair of boots, made by himself, was asked

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by Mr. Aylmer Maude whether they were well made.

“Could not be worse,” was the reply.

But at the same time it was true that the boots were made and given in the spirit of brotherly kindness.

Tolstoi often repeated the Gospel words, “Resist not evil.” To him it was wrong to wound or kill an enemy; wrong to drill, to train, to fight as a soldier. One winter’s day in 1894 a school-master died in a Russian prison. Some three years before his death he had been called to the ranks under the law of conscription, or military service. As a Christian he said he dared not handle weapons for slaying his fellow-men. He was kept in a prison, in a cell by himself, for a year. Then he was sent to another prison for fifteen months, suffering cold, hunger, and loneliness. The doctors agreed that he was unfit for military service, but he was nevertheless sentenced to a further term of nine years’ imprisonment. On the way to the prison he was kept standing for a long time in the street, on a very cold day. His lungs were injured, and he died in three weeks. Tolstoi heard of the death with much grief. In Russia and in other countries young men have often refused to do what is called a citizen’s duty or soldier’s duty. They were willing to do innocent work that might be a danger

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to themselves, such as laboring in mines or on railways, but they were unwilling to do injury to other men. For this cause they have borne contempt and hardship. Less than a year before his death Tolstoi—an old man over eighty—wrote to a Japanese and spoke of religion; his faith being that men should live, not for the things of the body, and for property, and for power over other people, but for the spirit, for brotherhood, and love:

“To my great joy I, now, before my death, see every day an increasing number of such people, living not by the body, but by the spirit; who calmly refuse the demands made by those who form the government, to join them in the ranks of the murderers; and who joyfully accept all the external, bodily tortures inflicted on them for their refusal. There are many such in Russia. Men still quite young who have been kept for years in the strictest imprisonment experience the happiest and most tranquil state of mind—as they recount in their letters, or personally to those who see them. I have the happiness to be in close touch with many of them and to receive letters from them.”

Tolstoi died in 1910; and millions of people all over the earth gave a grateful thought to all the good he had taught during his long life.

This noble Russian pointed his finger to the

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time afar off—the time of peace; and he bade men do what is very hard to do—to give up all armies, all weapons of war, all the bright array of the soldier, all the plans for keeping the world in order by prison and truncheons and violence. We know, indeed, that this great change cannot be brought about as quickly as he wished and hoped. We cannot all of a sudden pull down the old rules and laws and customs. But of one thing we may be quite sure—that it is the duty of all common-sense women and men to hasten as fast as possible toward the newer and better society when war shall be no more, and the secret of the green stick—love and union and harmony—shall be the open law and gospel of the world.¹

¹ Full details of Tolstoi's personality and teachings are given in Aylmer Maude's *Life of Tolstoi*.

THE PATRIOT

A TRAIN laden with British soldiers was speeding through the country one April day in 1902. The South African war had ended, and the troops had returned from the wide-stretching veldt to the home in old England. They had not long left Southampton when a meadow gay with buttercups came into view.

"The men in my compartment," says Mr. W. H. Hudson, the well-known writer, "all jumped up and shouted with joy. That sight made them realize, as no other could have done, that they were at home once more in England."

The patriot loves the scenery of his native land. In Switzerland he loves the snowy summits and the shining lakes. In Lapland he loves the icy plains and the night sky over which the Northern Lights flash their changing colors. In olden Italy the Roman, the stoutest of all patriots, took delight in laying out beautiful gardens. In England we love the old church and the village by the brook, the chalky downs, the green valleys of Devonshire, the heathery moors of

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Yorkshire, the gray hills of Westmorland. And we should resist all evil-doers whose carelessness would defile the land with ugly streets, or unsightly advertisements, or foul smoke and dust, or would soil the stream with the muck of mills. There is a good kind of earth-worship which tries to keep the soil free from vileness and feels a reverence for the beauties of nature.

In February, 1861, at the Polish city of Warsaw, Russian soldiers fired at the people in the great square before the castle. The Poles had once been free. Poland had once lived as an independent kingdom, but now the patriots mourned, for a foreign power held sway. But in another square a vast crowd knelt and sang the hymn of their fatherland. Many of the folk were Jews. They, too, like their Roman Catholic neighbors, honored the freedom of Poland. In great numbers the Jews followed their rabbis into the Christian churches in order to sing the national hymn; and the Christians flocked into the Jewish synagogues and joined their Hebrew brethren in raising the same brave song. For patriots put aside their religious differences and stand side by side as citizens, and not as Jews or Gentiles.

Gregg, the famous old trader in the United States, traveled in New Mexico about 1830. He tells us how a strange scene was to be witnessed in the village of Pecos, twenty-five miles east of

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Santa Fé. Long ago the Mexican land had been wrested from the natives by the Spanish invaders, and the king Montezuma lost his throne and died; and yet the forlorn people kept on hoping that he would return to life and reign once more in glory. He would come, they thought, if fires were fed continually on small altars in caves below. He would come at some happy sunrise if watchers looked from the house-roofs. So late as 1820 the fires were sustained at Pecos, and sentries climbed the roofs at night and watched for the dawn and for Montezuma. It is true he never came; but it touches our hearts to think of these faithful Mexicans who never forget their past history and ceased not to hope for the future. It is this fellow-feeling that binds together the citizens of the fatherland. We recall the deeds of our fathers. We read the history of the land which gave us birth. We revere the noble names of bygone times, and we repeat the poems that tell the heroic story. History is the people's memory.

Old Shawn Cunningham dwelt on the border of County Roscommon, Ireland. In a humble school ("hedge school") he was taught the Irish tongue out of some Irish manuscripts which his teacher had brought from the southern counties; and till he was fifteen years old he scarcely spoke a word of English; and he learned Irish poems by

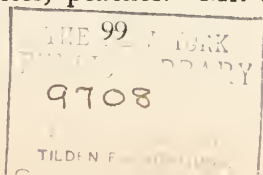
THE PATRIOT

heart. Now there came a new schoolmaster that loved not Irish, and he tied a piece of wood round Shawn's neck and said:

"This magic stick will tell me if ever you talk Irish out of school, and if you do I will thrash you!"

Shawn could speak so little English that he could not help blurting out his thoughts in the old language of Erin, and as sure as he did so his shoulders felt the stern strap. But in his elder years he cherished the tales he had learned from the ancient store, and he would repeat them (about 1890) to the learned Dr. Hyde, though his grandchildren who stood by could not understand him. Nowadays, however, people are again studying the Irish tongue; and, indeed, as Dr. Hyde says, people who can talk two languages—English and Irish, or English and Welsh, for instance—can by no means be considered dull! It is the patriot's pride to maintain his country's language pure, to speak it correctly, to learn and repeat its poetry, and to teach its poetry, and to teach his children to read the masterpieces of his country's literature, such as the works of Milton in England, of Tasso in Italy, of Hawthorne in the United States.

You have already heard of Luther Burbank of California, and even if you had not you know plums, blackberries, peaches. Mr. Burbank is a



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fruit-grower of such skill that he has produced new kinds ("varieties") of plums, strawberries, and so on, and in larger numbers than any other man has done before; so that his gardens in California are one of the wonders of the world. A man of science named De Vries went to see him and his trees in 1904, and he found that Burbank was pleased to be an American, and pleased that the United States should have the credit of his work. "To accomplish something great for his country is his ideal," says De Vries. He took a pride in his work. He was glad people could say, "The United States are grand at fruit-growing." In like manner each of us—builder, engineer, weaver, tanner, cabinet-maker, printer, teacher, etc.—may rejoice to add to the good report of our motherland.

It was such a reason that made Geoffroy St. Hilaire refuse to give up his fishes to Captain Hamilton. Napoleon had invaded Egypt, and he had allowed a group of scientific men to journey up the river Nile and about the Red Sea on purpose to find and collect various sorts of fishes for the museums of France; and St. Hilaire brought quite a pile of them to Alexandria, all placed in neat cabinets. Just then the British army approached, and the city had to surrender; and Hamilton was sent in to demand all French property, including the collection of fishes.



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THE PATRIOT

"No," said the Frenchman to the Englishman, "your army can't get in for two days. We will burn our cabinets, and then you can do with our persons what you please. What will the world say if you force us to destroy our beautiful collections?"

Hamilton let St. Hilaire take the collection to France, and French science had the honor of giving new knowledge to the people. Each nation should take a pride in its science.

The Bakonjo folk, a negro tribe in the African province of Uganda, had once been much harassed by their fierce neighbors, led by Kabarega. They lost their cows, and they had to flee up the bleak hills, even above the snow-line. The British took the rule of the country, and under the Union Jack there was peace. From that time the Bakonjo were always friendly to the whites.

"Why are you so friendly?" asked Sir H. Johnston one day.

A Bakonjo man replied:

"From the moment we saw the first white man we felt sure that this was the power which would defend us against the constant attacks of Kabarega's soldiers. We were right, for since you have ruled the land our lives and property have been perfectly safe. Why, So-and-so [a chief] is now able to keep cows!"

Would that all colored people could say the

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Union Jack has always been a blessing! It has not been so; but patriots will wish it so and make it so for the honor of mighty and ancient England.

A Siamese chief once came aboard H.M.S. *Vigilant* in the harbor of Bangkok, in or about 1874, to talk with Sir Andrew Clarke, Governor of the Straits Settlements. Sir Andrew was spokesman for England. He said England could or would do this, could or would do that. The Siamese pointed to the Union Jack and exclaimed:

“Can that flag ever lie?”

British boys, British girls, see to it that the flag never lies! As you love your native land, see to it that the flag never lies!

Children of the United States, see to it that the flag never lies!

And so runs the word to all the children on earth.

Let this be your dream and your passion, lovers of the motherland—that the Stars and Stripes, or the Union Jack, or whatsoever flag your country flies, shall ever be the banner of love, order, and progress.

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ABOUT the year 1770 a French girl (afterward the famous Madame Roland) read, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheek, a book which told the lives of ancient Greek statesmen and heroes. Her father was an engraver, and in a quiet corner of his workroom she would sit reading Plutarch's *Lives of the Greeks and Romans* for hours together. As she thought of the brave folk of old she even shed tears in her delight and admiration, and exclaimed, "Why was I not born a Greek?" The French girl admired the people of Greece and Rome, but none the less she loved France. Nations admire other nations. Europe admires the temples of India, the silks and ivories of China, the vases and gardens of Japan. Other nations admire England's Parliament, her manly school games, and the courage of her sons and daughters who went to colonize strange lands in America, Africa, and Australia. The world admires the brisk business habits of the United States, their clever use of machinery, their schools and universities, and the way in which

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they are building up a new nation out of multitudes of different races. We admire the taste of the French people in their dress, their ornaments, their buildings, and the quick and generous ideas which move the hearts of the nation and find an echo in its songs. We admire the schools of Germany, the learning of German doctors, the grandeur of German music, the thoroughness with which the Germans carry out their industry. We admire the beauty of Italian cities and villages, the glory of Italian churches, the fine art of Italian sculpture and pictures and music, and the noble courage with which Mazzini and Garibaldi toiled to make all Italians into one nation. We admire the cleanliness of Dutch households, and the sturdy manner in which the people resisted the invasion of the sea, and the free spirit which kept Holland clear of foreign rule. And in the same strain we might go on to praise every other nation on the globe.

The American artist George Catlin (1796-1872) spent some years in friendly study of the Red Indian tribes; and his colored pictures of Indian villages, dances, hunting-scenes, bisons on the prairies, etc., are still the pleasure of many young folk. At first the Indians shrank from the white artist, who seemed to make his figures live on paper and canvas, for they feared some evil influence. Afterward they learned how peaceful

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were his motives, and the "braves" would sit willingly and gravely, and pass round the tobacco-pipe that all might smoke to the success of the picture; and they ended by giving Catlin a feast and presenting gifts of bears' claws, bat's wings, wild sage, antelope's hoofs, and a medicine-man's rattle. Thus the study of one people by another should be innocent and happy, as when friend visits friend and is pleased to examine his house, garden, and treasures. Noble are the books which unveil to us the goodness and greatness of foreign peoples. The Bible will show us the soul of the Jew; Plutarch, the Greeks and Romans; in Lafcadio Hearn's wonderful fairy-tales we see Japan; in Margaret Noble's *Cradle-tales of Hinduism*, the Hindus; in Livingstone and Mungo Park's travel-books, the negro; delightful picture-books on Africa have been written for older readers by Sir Harry H. Johnston, and (for older readers again) the Burmese people are described in Fielding Hall's *Soul of a People*.

An English visitor in Brazil, Dr. Walsh, who was interested in negroes and their treatment, had (he says) been but a few hours on shore when he saw Africans occupying four steps in the social scale: (1) despised and naked slaves, bearing burdens like horses and mules; (2) soldiers, clean and neat in person, smart in discipline; (3) citizens, industrious, respectable, polite; (4)

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priests in Catholic churches, devout in worship, and earnest in teaching from the pulpit. Dr. Walsh adds:

I came to the irresistible conclusion that color was an accident affecting the surface of a man and having no more to do with his qualities than his clothes.¹

The negroes have their own republics in Haiti in the West Indies and in Liberia in West Africa. Since the American Civil War, of which you have heard in the story of Harriet Tubman, the negroes of the United States have not only become free laborers, farmers, and planters; their ranks now contain more than twenty thousand teachers and professors, fifteen thousand ministers of religion, as well as nurses, doctors, bankers, etc. The colored Maoris of New Zealand now dwell side by side with the whites in the over-sea dominion of New Zealand, and elect four members to the New Zealand Parliament. And if ever we have a foolish mind to blame the colored races for not being quite so learned and skilful as the white, let us open our history books and recall how the natives of ancient Britain, France, and Germany were once barbarians who were despised by the Romans.

In the union of South Africa British and Dutch

¹ R. Walsh, *Notices of Brazil*, 1828.

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are partners; but there has been a difficulty as to which language, English or Dutch, should be taught in the schools, though we know children can learn two languages, for we see it done in the homes and schools of Wales. Once a Scottish father complained to the education department that his little girl had had a wooden collar placed round her neck for a punishment. An inquiry was made, and it was found that the parents of the children—most of them were Dutch—had very much wished that English should be taught and hoped it might be insisted on, even in the playground. The teacher had therefore invented the punishment of the wooden collar for any child who spoke Dutch, and this Scottish girl had talked Dutch at play! Her father thought his daughter suffered because she was not Dutch. It was a misunderstanding. When misunderstandings arise it is everybody's duty to pause, to inquire, and quietly confer. When we turn to history it makes us sad to see how Protestants misunderstood Catholics, and said, for instance, that Catholics caused the great fire of London; and Catholics misunderstood Protestants, and burned them at the stake for (as they thought) teaching wrong doctrine. The Jews have been ill-treated, though when we look into their wonderful story we see among their numbers Moses, the lawgiver; Jesus of Nazareth; Mendelssohn, the

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musician; Zamenhof, the inventor of the Esperanto language; and Dr. Felix Adler, of New York, whose plan it was to bring together messengers from all nations in the Universal Races Congress in London, July, 1911.¹

England and the Americans misunderstood each other and fought the war of 1776-1783; and now they are allied in peace and good-will. One of the happiest of my memories is that of a visit to Bunker Hill, at Boston, in the summer of 1911. On the very spot where English and Americans struggled in anger and deadly passion in 1775 a high school now stands; and here I, who am English, was allowed to speak to American girls and boys as their friend and kinsman; and some of the things I said to them you have read in the chapter on "The Patriot."

A German chemist, Dr. Duisberg, speaking at an American celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the famous chemist Liebig, gracefully remarked to a New York audience:

We Germans admire your wealth of soil and timber; how you drill a hole and obtain oil; your stores of anthracite, soft coal, metal ores, salt, sulphur, phosphates for manure. We in Germany have not these natural riches, though we have much salt. Our rivers are gentle, and need dredging;

¹ *Papers on Inter-Racial Problems*, edited by G. Spiller. P. S. King & Son.

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yours rush grandly, and the Falls of Niagara supply you with power. Therefore you are good mechanics and engineers in order to collect your resources. We are painstaking chemists, and learn to make thrifty use of the gifts nature has given us; though some day [added the Doctor] you may need to be chemists when your stores are less plentiful.

Even a learner who only knows a little geography can see the differences in earth's many countries. We look for silk from China or France, not from Scotland or Norway; for tea from India or China, not from Canada; for the banana from Jamaica, not from Russia; for oaks and pine-trees from Europe and America, not from Egypt, and so on. It is one of the charms of the world that countries thus vary in their productions, just as it is charming to see the various colors in the costumes of a crowd or to hear the various voices in the harmony of a choir.

In 1683 an English ship, the *Johanna*, was wrecked near Delagoa Bay, South Africa. Three sailors escaped and set out on a long tramp to Cape Town (then a Dutch port), carrying their most valued property. The Kaffirs treated them with much kindness, guiding the white strangers on the way, bearing their burdens, and providing them with food. Such was the first and peaceful meeting of Englishmen and South African natives.

In February, 1910, a ship caught fire in the harbor at Malta, and a number of Arab passen-

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gers perished. Three Arabs lowered themselves down the side of the vessel by ropes. Two were picked up by the crew of a pinnace from H.M.S. *Glory*. The third remained hanging by the rope, in which he had become entangled. The iron hull of the vessel was nearly red-hot, and the Arab was in danger of a frightful death. Thomas Bouttell, an English man-o'-war's man, swam through the rough sea to the rescue, set him free from the rope, and kept him afloat till both were saved by a boat.

Thus did the Kaffirs of Africa help their English brothers; thus did a European sailor help his brother from Asia. White, black, or yellow, each hastens to aid the other. Most hospitals are open to the sick and injured of all nations. The Red Cross ambulances established under the Geneva Convention give shelter and relief to the wounded of any army. The beautiful lamp of the lighthouse warns all ships alike. Life-boats snatch from the waters any daughter or son of humanity, no matter of what race or language. When the earthquake brought ruin to the city of Messina, and lack of food and injuries caused by falling houses had caused immense suffering to thousands, Russian and other war-ships hastened to the harbor with all kinds of aid. Would that every war-ship were henceforward turned into a messenger of blessing!

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Sir Harry H. Johnston, when traveling in the lovely island of Cuba, visited the cities and observed how the hands of Spain and of America had joined in making and improving them. In the old Spanish towns the houses were painted blue and white, pale green, yellow, pink, etc., and the open spaces and streets were gay with plentiful palms, bananas, mimosas, and flowers, and ornamented with marble seats and monuments and colonnades. But there were sad defects—uneven pavement, filthy gutters, and roads almost impassable. The Americans came on the scene, and, while they left the old beauties untouched, they introduced improvements, such as hospitals, schools, libraries, roads splendidly asphalted, and the stamping-out of yellow fever by their wise health laws. Thus can the good qualities and works of the nations be united. British engineers have constructed irrigation works in India and the vast Nile dams in Egypt. The industrious coolies of India have given fruitfulness to Guiana and Trinidad and caused the rice-fields and sugar-plantations of Mauritius to prosper. Europe took its Bible from the Jews. Many nations translate the plays of Shakespeare into their own tongues—and who will say the English lose anything because their great poet gives pleasure to the rest of the world? *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written for the United States, but all the

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world reads the story. Most of the grand old fables and fairy-tales were first told in Asia, but they give joy to the ears of little children in all the five continents. *Don Quixote* was written for Spain, but the whole earth laughs at the dear mad knight who tilted at the windmills.

At the Japanese exhibition in London (1910) was displayed a picture of a memorial column erected in a pleasant grove in 1597. The pillar is inscribed with the names of warriors who fell on both sides in a war between Corea and Japan. The spirit of chivalry ("Bushido," as the Japanese would say) awards equal honor to friends and to former foes. Attached to this picture was the remark, "The spirit of the Red Cross Society is exemplified here." England proudly remembers how Wolfe and his soldiers one night scaled the narrow path up the Heights of Abraham. France proudly remembers how General Montcalm defended the fortress of Quebec against the invaders and yielded up his life for his country. To-day both France and England proudly remember both Montcalm and Wolfe, for at Quebec there stands a monument which recalls the heroism of both. Nations who can thus join in that respect for each other's soldier heroes are on the road to that respect for each other's homes which will put an end to war.

The nations will draw nearer together in trade

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and in kinship. Already they have joined in a postal union; already they are trying to arrive at a language which may be used all over the globe; already their learned men meet in congresses of science, of art, of medicine, of law, of education. Some day they will use the like weights and measures, and measure time by the same calendar, and use the same kind of coinage, and they shall have only one navy, the ships of which will act as guardians of the sea for all, and go to the help of all who are in trouble in the great waters, and carry men of science to east and west and north and south to search out the secrets of the deep.

“On earth, peace, good-will toward men.” A little town in Holland has become the glorious headquarters of the peace movement.

The brotherhood and harmony of mankind is beautifully symbolized in the Palace of Peace at The Hague. Owing to the low level of the soil near the North Sea, it was no easy task to dig the foundations, just as the peace movement itself has had to struggle against enormous obstacles of old ideas and evil passions. The palace is adorned by gifts from many nations—granite for the base from Norway, granite for the terraces from Denmark, granite for the balustrades of the terraces from Sweden; statuary from the United States; tapestries from France; iron entrance-gates from Ger-

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many; silk hangings from Japan; bronze doors from Belgium; precious woods from South America; crystal chandeliers from Austria; pictures from Holland; a jasper-and-gold vase from Russia; two lovely vases from China; a great crucifix from Argentina (this being a copy of a cross set up on the mountainous border between Argentina and Chile as a pledge of peace); and, lastly, four stained-glass windows from the British Empire.

May the whole earth become a Palace of Peace, wherein the flags of all nations will be hung with honor, and where the song of harmony will breathe the praises of the universal fellowship of humanity.

THE END



